CANADA'S SONG BOOK

FOR

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL AND SINGING CLUBS

REPRESENTATIVE NATIONAL AIRS, HYMNS, ROUNDS, GLEES, BALLADS, Etc., ARRANGED, WITH MUSIC, FOR CLASS SINGING IN ONE OR TWO PARTS.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO WINNIPEG

No School Library will be complete without a copy of the new Navy Reader

FLAG AND FLEET

By Colonel William Wood

CHILDREN will be delighted with it; adults will read it with interest. It is not merely a record of fighting and of Jack Tars, but a story of the development of British Sea power, showing how from remote ages, the nation controlling the Seas is impregnable at home. The book is fully illustrated with interesting portraits, representations of ships from the earliest time, and reproductions of well-known contemporary pictures of great naval fights.

Published under the Auspices of the Navy League of Canada

PRICE, 50 CENTS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED :: TORONTO

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
Ontario Council of University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/canadassongbookf00toro

CANADA'S SONG BOOK

FOR

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL
AND
SINGING CLUBS

ARRANGED FOR TWO-PART SINGING

TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD., AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1919

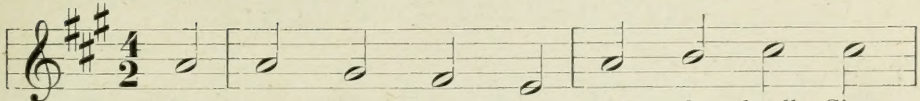
COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1919, BY
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

TABLE OF CONTENTS

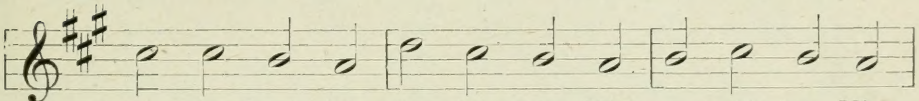
	Page
All Thro' the Night	35
Are You Sleeping?	12
Bay of Biscay, The	26
Bendeemer s Stream	10
Bishop Kerr's Evening Hymn	7
Blue Bells of Scotland, The	57
British Grenadiers', The	14
Buy a Broom!	11
Bugle Horn, The	39
Come Follow	29
Cradle Song	44
Ding, Dong, Dell!	8
Dixie	33
Dominion Hymn	49
Glory to Thee, My God	5
God Save the King	62
Hearts of Oak	55
Hunting Chorus	21
Hymn of Praise	6
Lady-bird	9
Little Dustman, The	17
Lord is My Shepherd, The	20
Maple Leaf Forever, The	46
Men of Harlech	59
Minstrel Boy, The	55
New Every Morning	19
Norseman, The	40
O, God Our Help	30
Old Hundred, The	5
Pull Away!	36
Rule Britannia!	52
See Our Oars	42
Sheriff Muir	24
Song of Fairies	13
Stars Trembling O'er Us	31
Tyrolese Hymn	28
Vesper Hymn, The	25
Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A	15
White Sand and Gray Sand	42

THE OLD HUNDREDTH

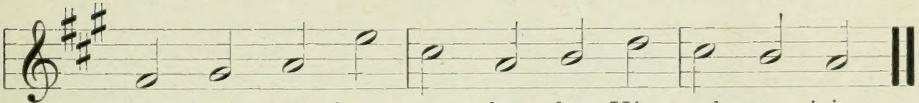
KETHE. "Old Hundredth."



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed ; With -
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise; Ap -



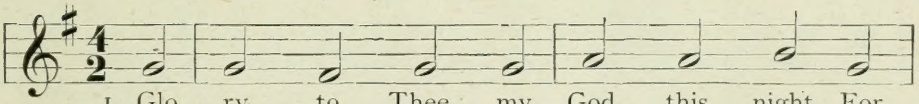
to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with fear, His
out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
proach with joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His



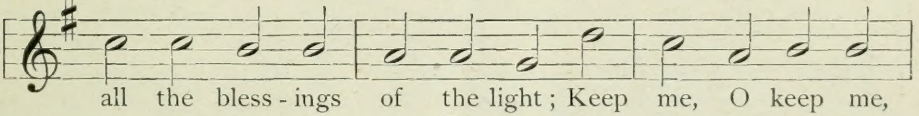
praise forth - tell, Come ye be - fore Him, and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

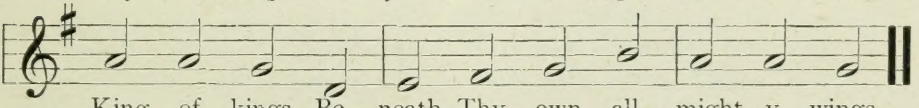
KEN. THOS. TALLIS.



1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For
2. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And



all the bless - ings of the light ; Keep me, O keep me,
may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close; Sleep that shall me more

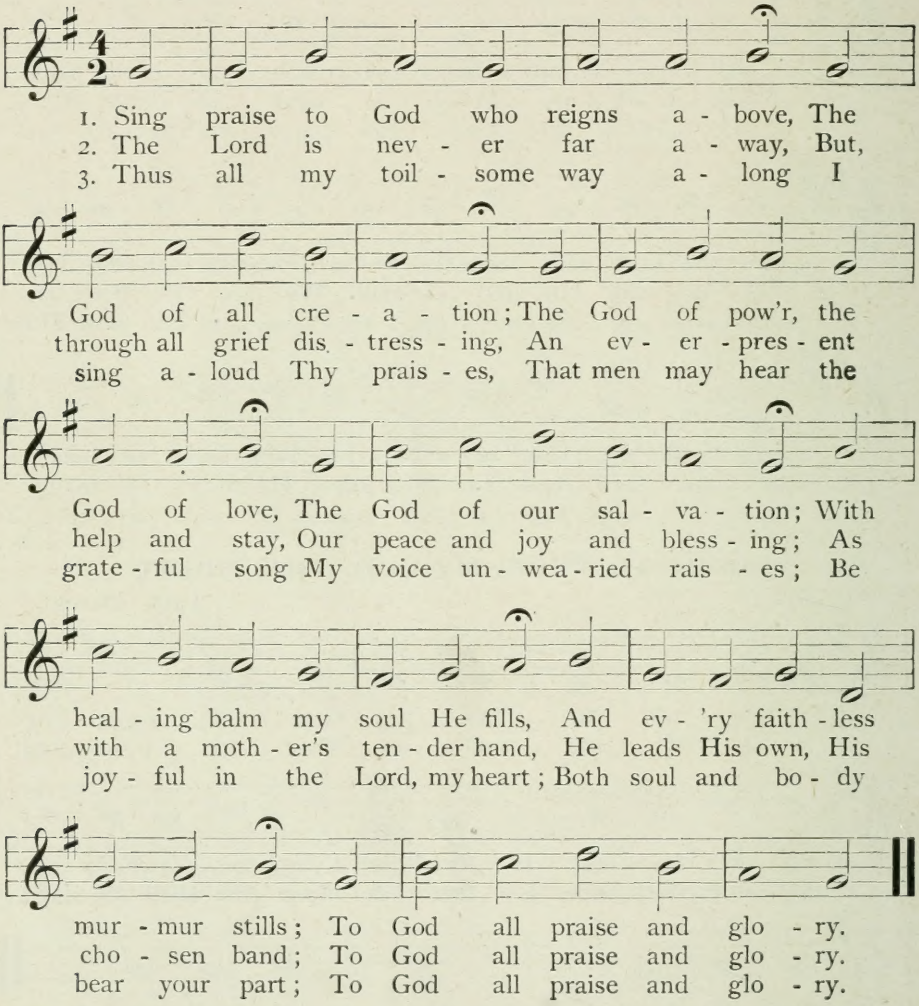


King of kings, Be - neath Thy own all - might - y wings.
vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

A HYMN OF PRAISE

Known as "Luther's Hymn."
First printed in 1535.

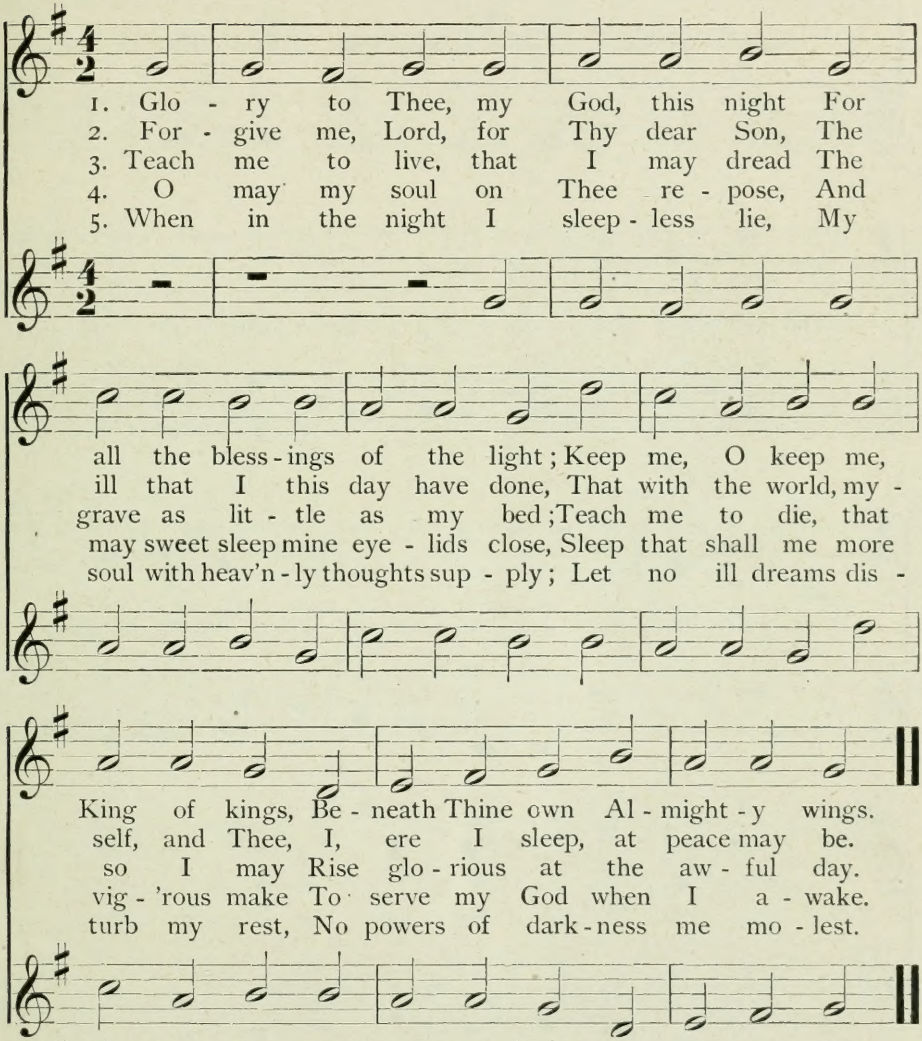
Trans. from German.


1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The
God of all cre - a - tion; The God of pow'r, the
God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; With
heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - 'ry faith - less
mur - mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry.
2. The Lord is nev - er far a - way, But,
through all grief dis - tress - ing, An ev - er - pres - ent
help and stay, Our peace and joy and bless - ing; As
with a moth - er's ten - der hand, He leads His own, His
cho - sen band; To God all praise and glo - ry.
3. Thus all my toil - some way a - long I
sing a - loud Thy prais - es, That men may hear the
grate - ful song My voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be
joy - ful in the Lord, my heart; Both soul and bo - dy
bear your part; To God all praise and glo - ry.

A Canon

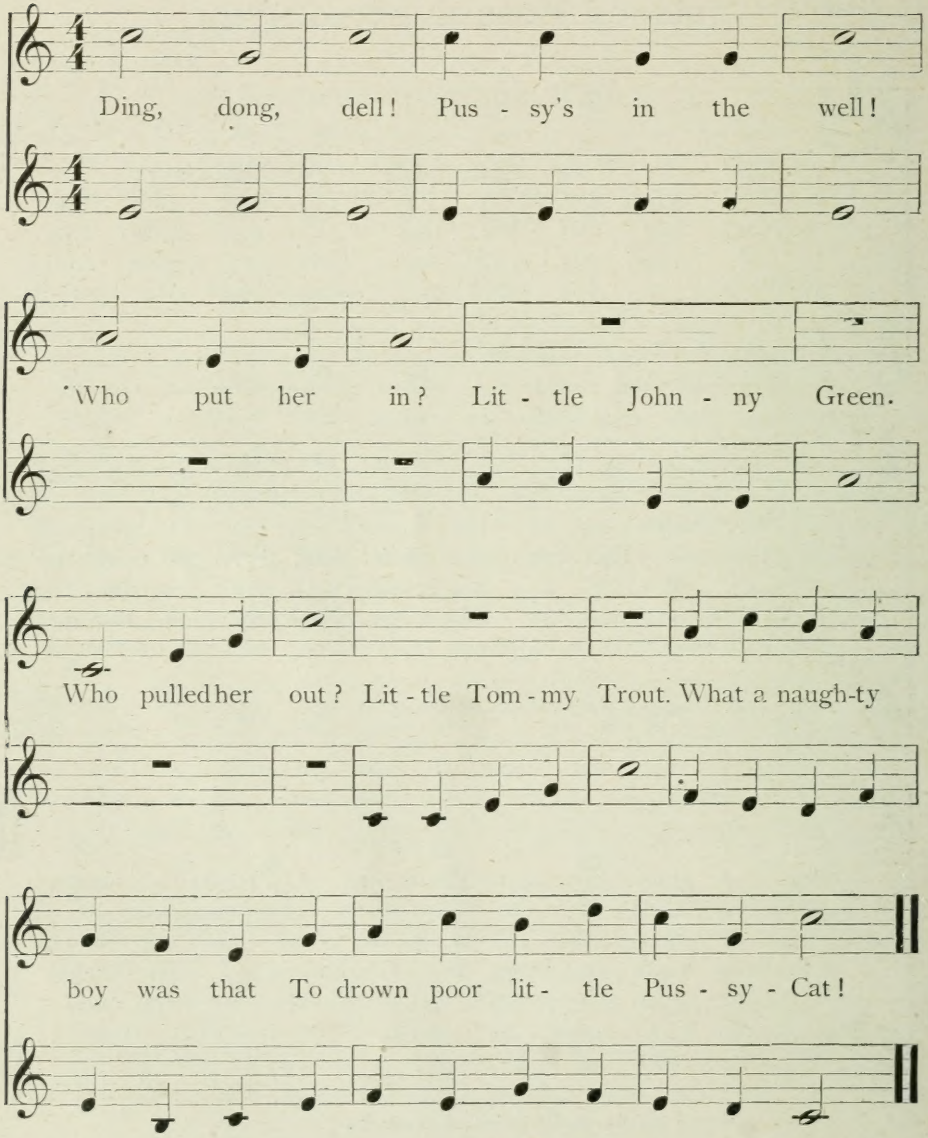
BISHOP KEN'S EVENING HYMN

KEN THOS. TALLIS

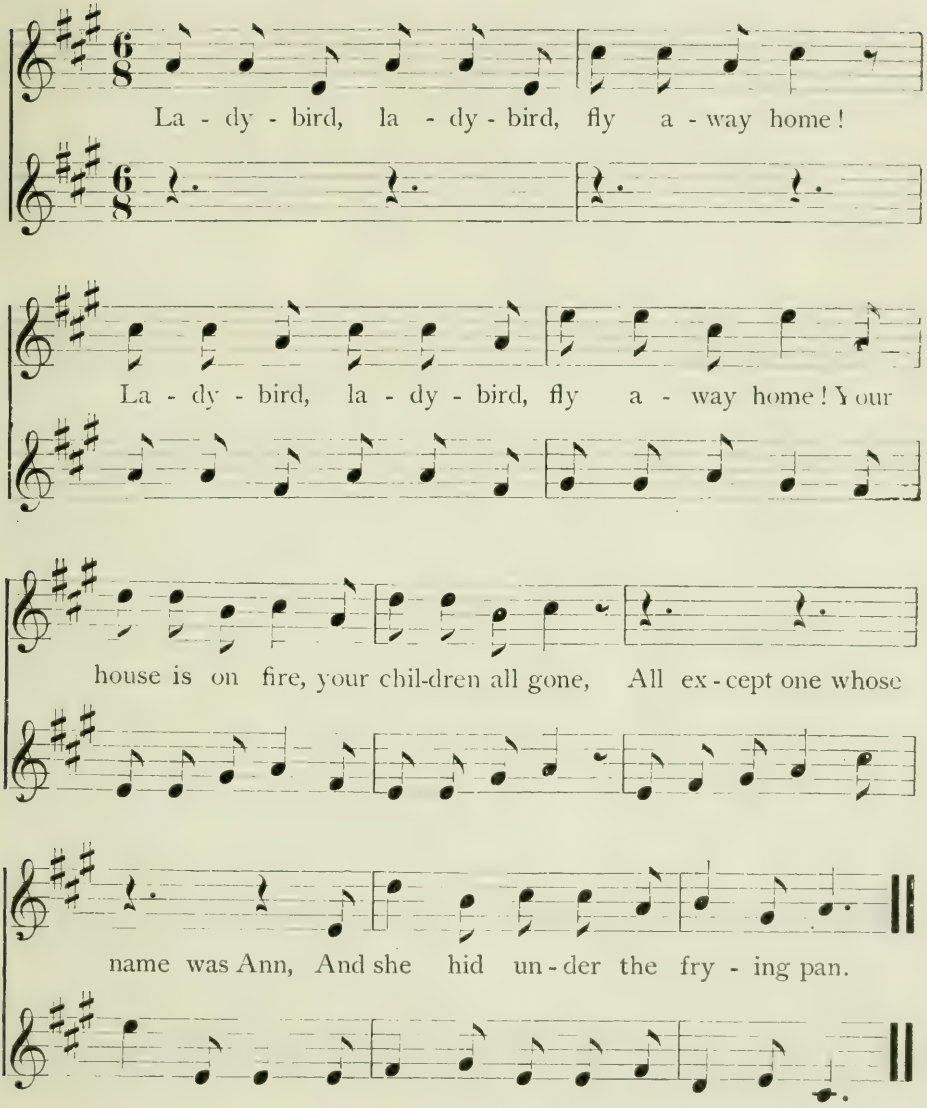

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The
4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And
5. When in the night I sleep - less lie, My
all the bless - ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
ill that I this day have done, That with the world, my -
grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that
may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close, Sleep that shall me more
soul with heav'n - ly thoughts sup - ply; Let no ill dreams dis -
King of kings, Be - neath Thine own Al - might - y wings.
self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
so I may Rise glo - rious at the aw - ful day.
vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.
turb my rest, No powers of dark - ness me mo - lest.

Note how the second part is exactly the same as the first.

DING, DONG, DELL! PUSSY'S IN THE WELL!

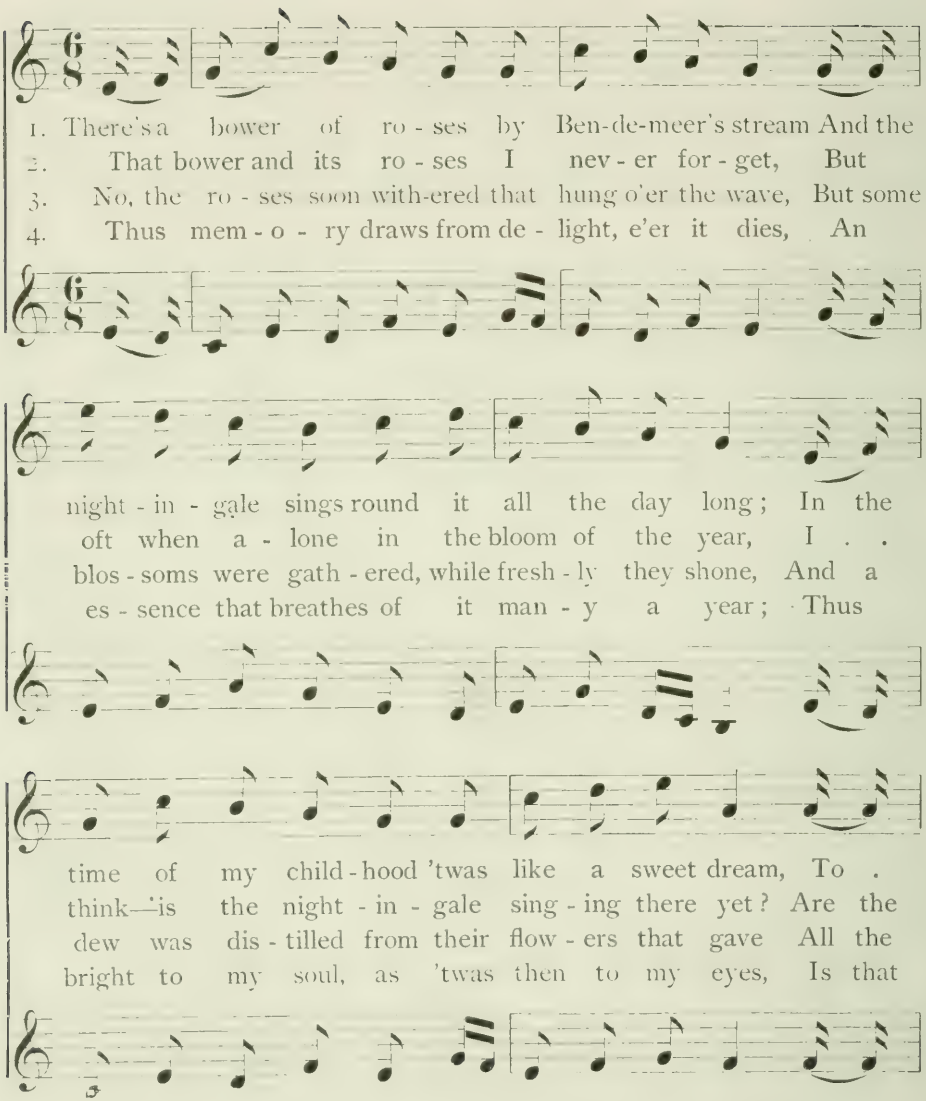

Ding, dong, dell! Pus - sy's in the well!
Who put her in? Lit - tle John - ny Green.
Who pulled her out? Lit - tle Tom - my Trout. What a naugh-ty
boy was that To drown poor lit - tle Pus - sy - Cat!

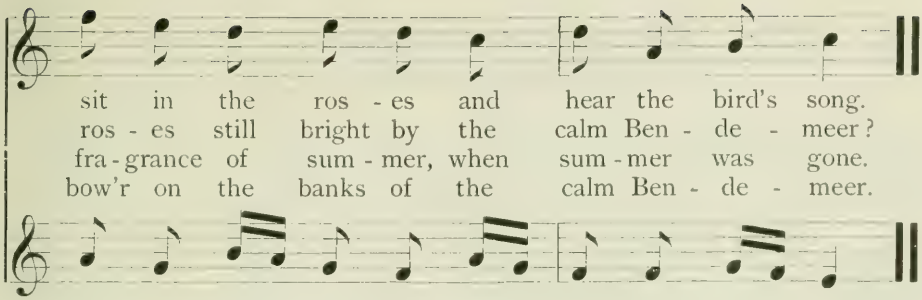
LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD, FLY AWAY HOME!


La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home!
La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home! Your
house is on fire, your chil-dren all gone, All ex-cept one whose
name was Ann, And she hid un-der the fry - ing pan.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

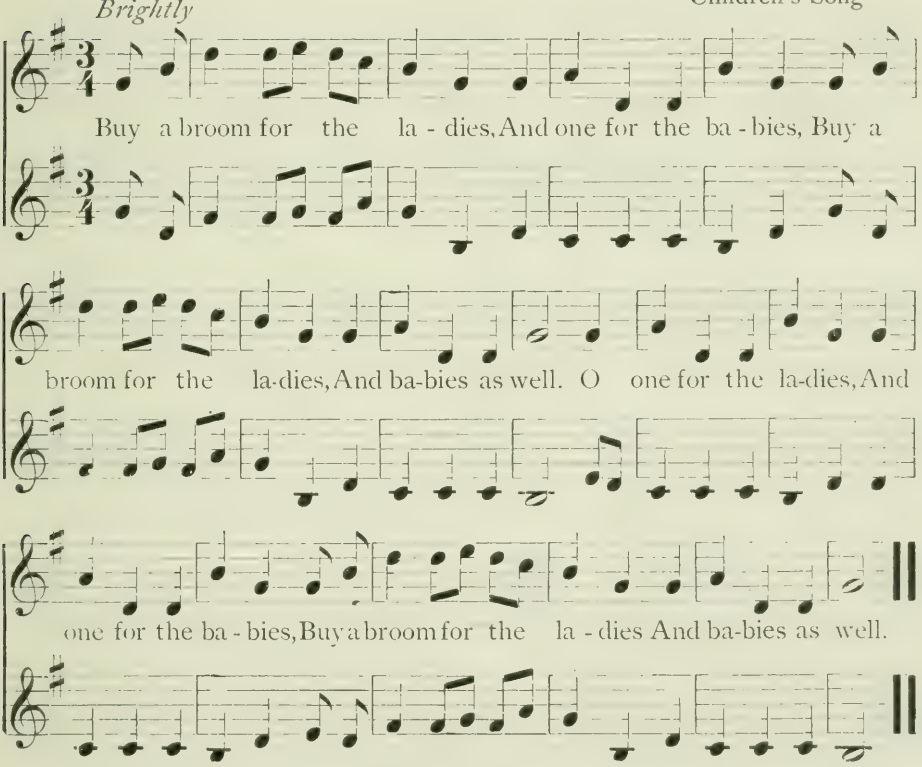
THOS. MOORE


1. There's a bower of ro - ses by Ben-de-meer's stream And the
2. That bower and its ro - ses I nev - er for - get, But
3. No, the ro - ses soon with-ered that hung o'er the wave, But some
4. Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light, e'er it dies, An
night - in - gale sings round it all the day long; In the
oft when a - lone in the bloom of the year, I . .
blos - soms were gath - ered, while fresh - ly they shone, And a
es - sence that breathes of it man - y a year; Thus
time of my child - hood 'twas like a sweet dream, To .
think—is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet? Are the
dew was dis - tilled from their flow - ers that gave All the
bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes, Is that


sit in the ros - es and hear the bird's song.
ros - es still bright by the calm Ben - de - meer?
fra - grance of sum - mer, when sum - mer was gone.
bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben - de - meer.

BUY A BROOM

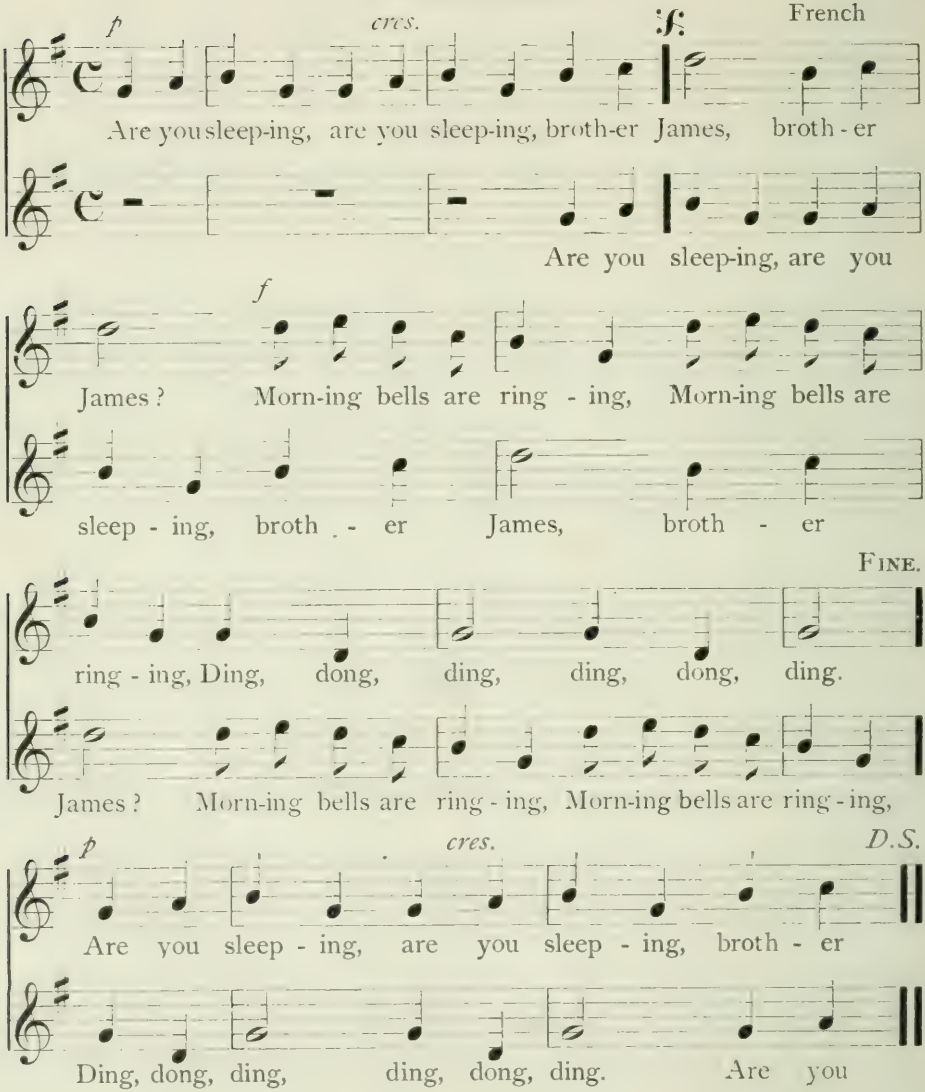
Children's Song


Brightly
Buy a broom for the la - dies, And one for the ba - bies, Buy a
broom for the la-dies, And ba-bies as well. O one for the la-dies, And
one for the ba - bies, Buy a broom for the la - dies And ba-bies as well.

ARE YOU SLEEPING, BROTHER JAMES?

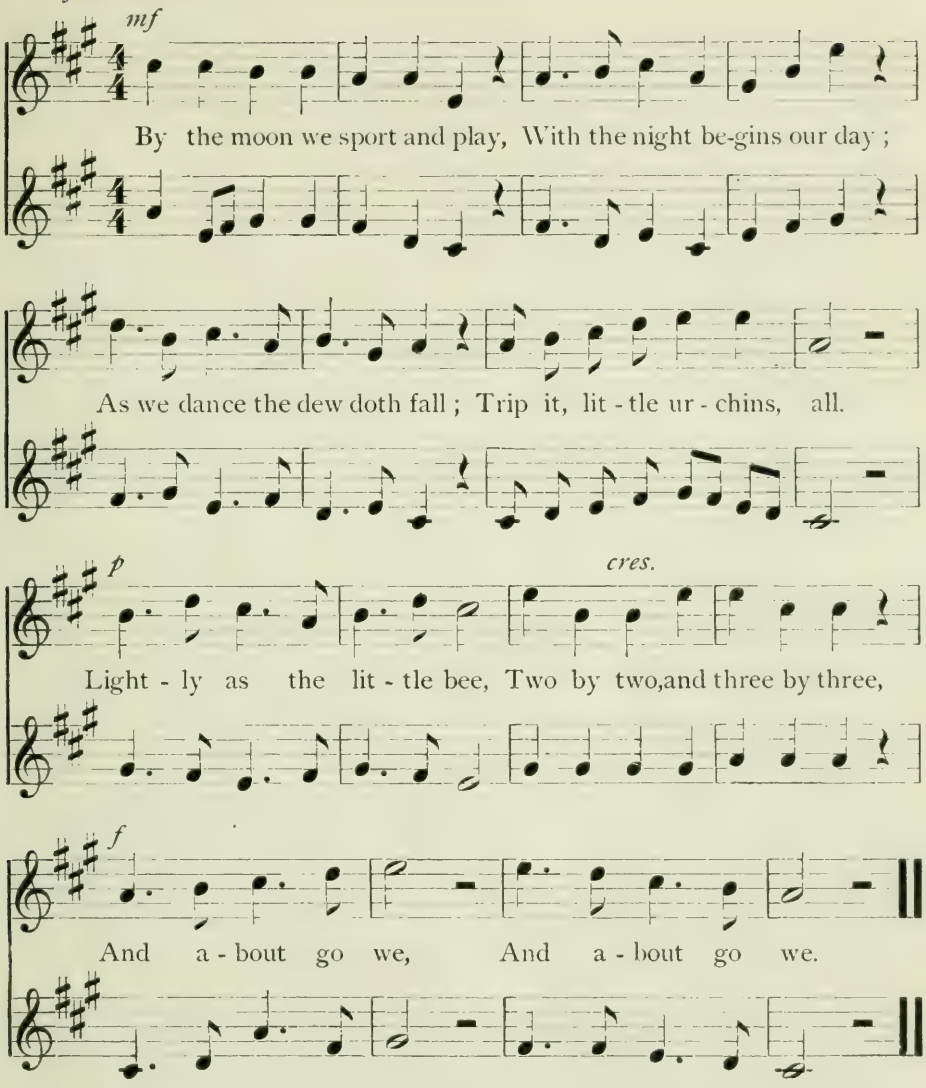
Two-Part Round

French


p
cres.
f
Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, broth-er James, broth - er
Are you sleep-ing, are you
f
James? Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are
sleep - ing, broth - er James, broth - er
FINE.
ring - ing, Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding.
James? Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are ring - ing,
p
cres.
D.S.
Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing, broth - er
Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding. Are you

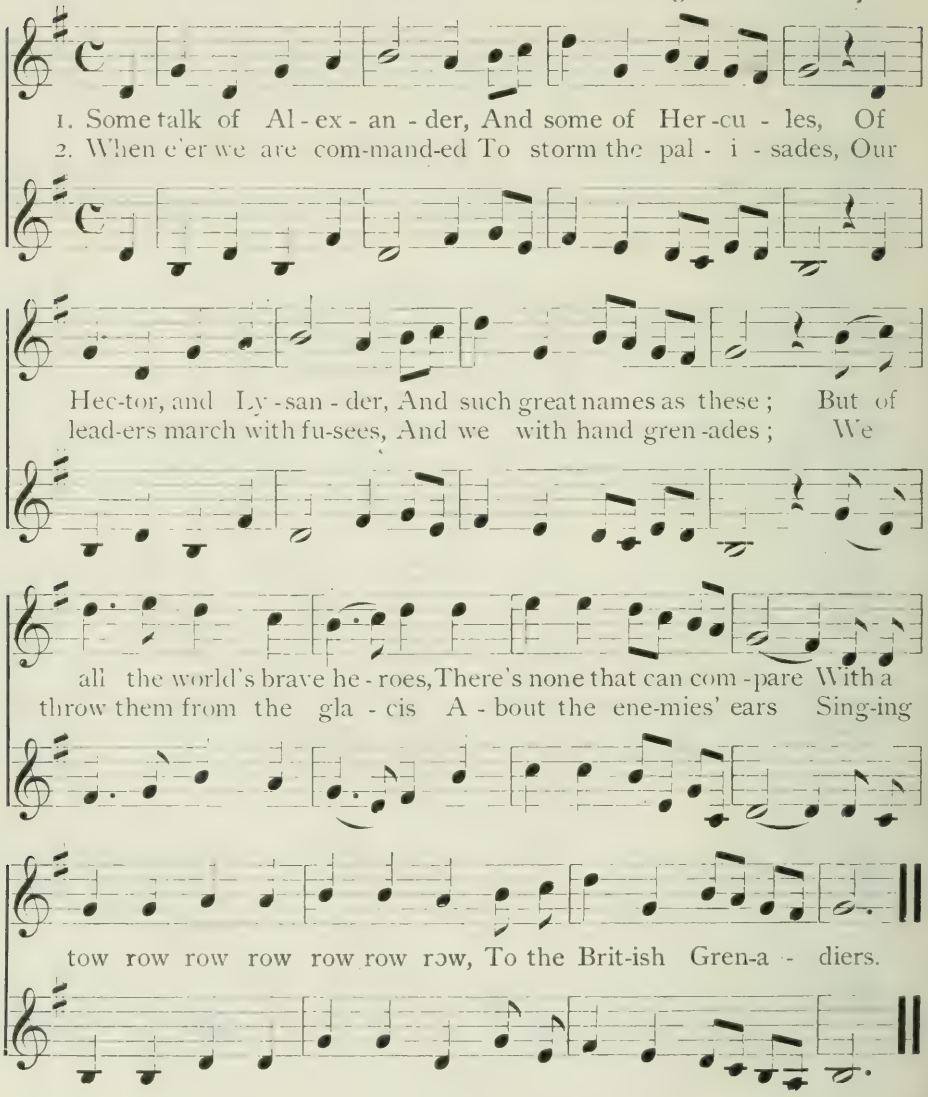
SONG OF THE FAIRIES

JOHN LYLY

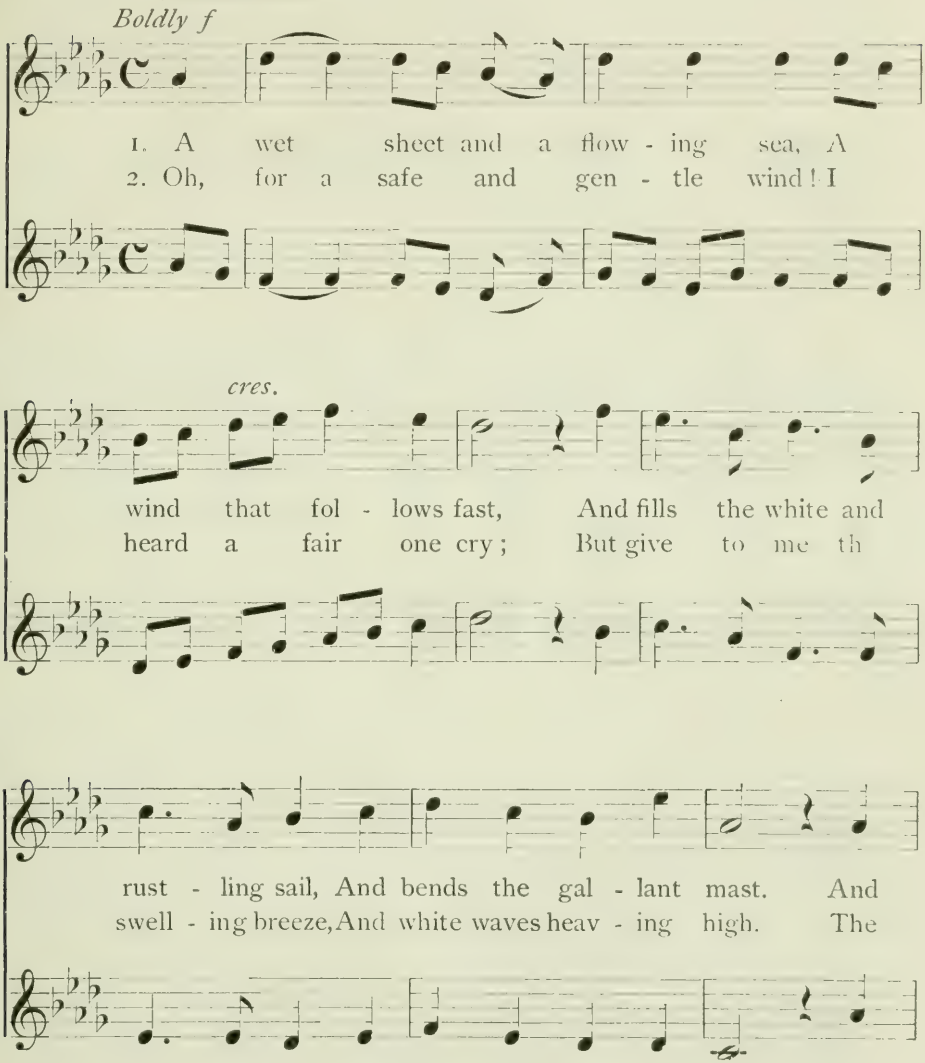
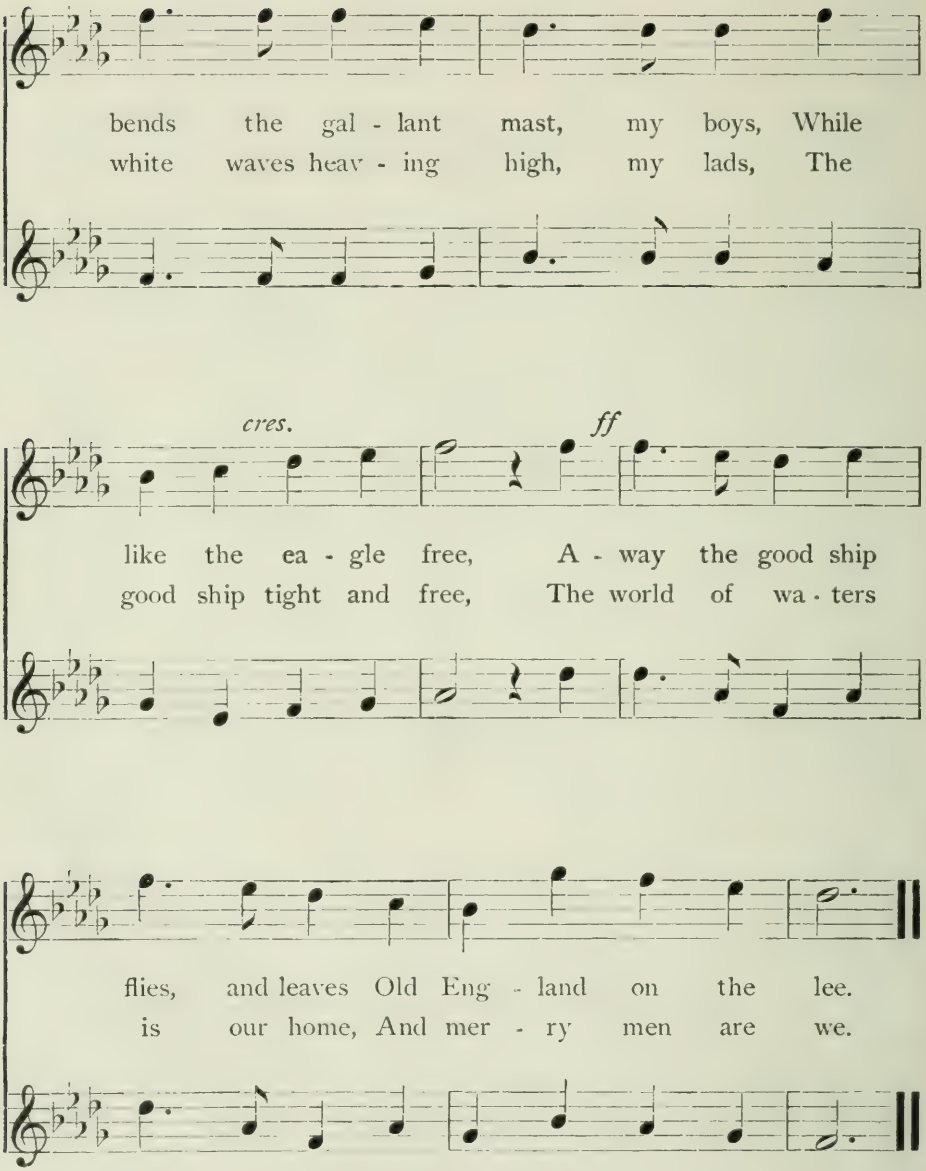

mf
By the moon we sport and play, With the night be-gins our day ;
As we dance the dew doth fall ; Trip it, lit - tle ur - chins, all.
p
cres.
Light - ly as the lit - tle bee, Two by two,and three by three,
f
And a - bout go we, And a - bout go we.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Song of 16th Century

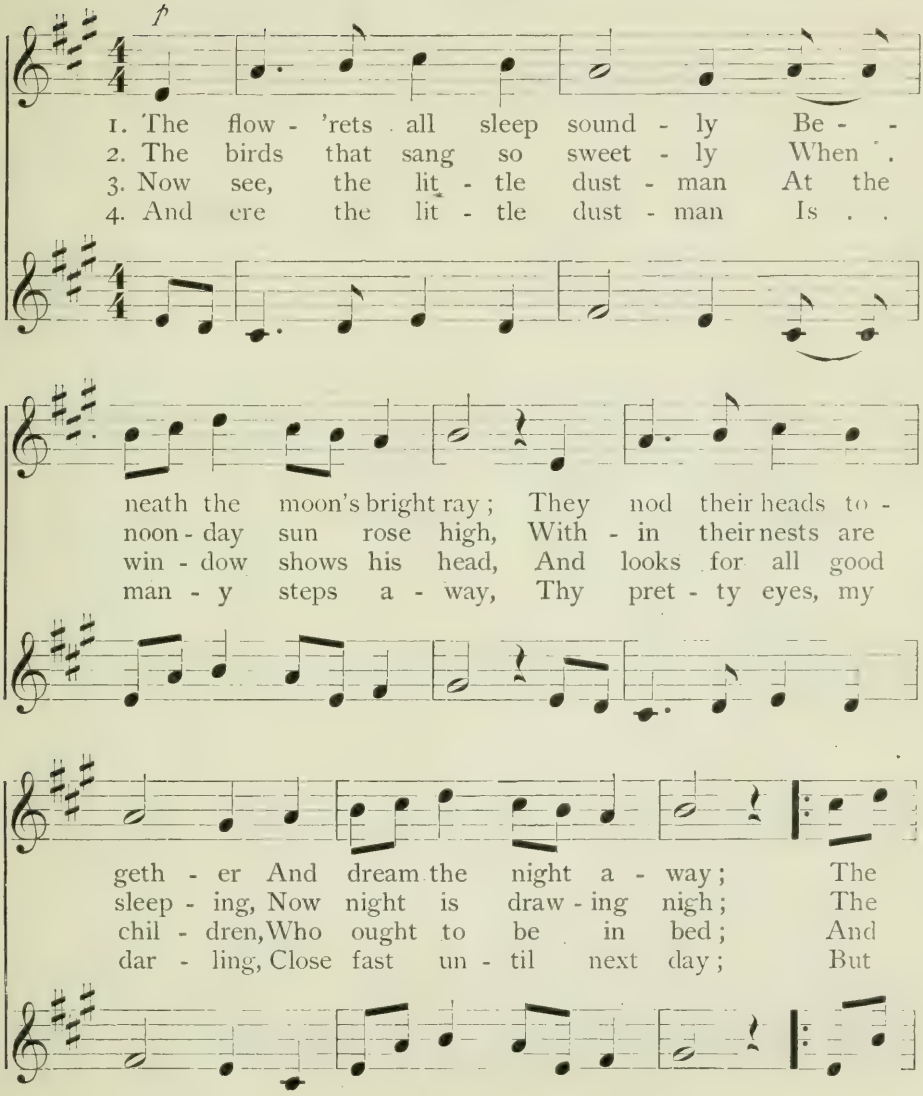

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
2. When e'er we are com-mand-ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our
Hec-tor, and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these; But of
lead-ers march with fu-sees, And we with hand gren-ades; We
all the world's brave he - roes, There's none that can com - pare With a
throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the ene-mies' ears Sing-ing
tow row row row row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.

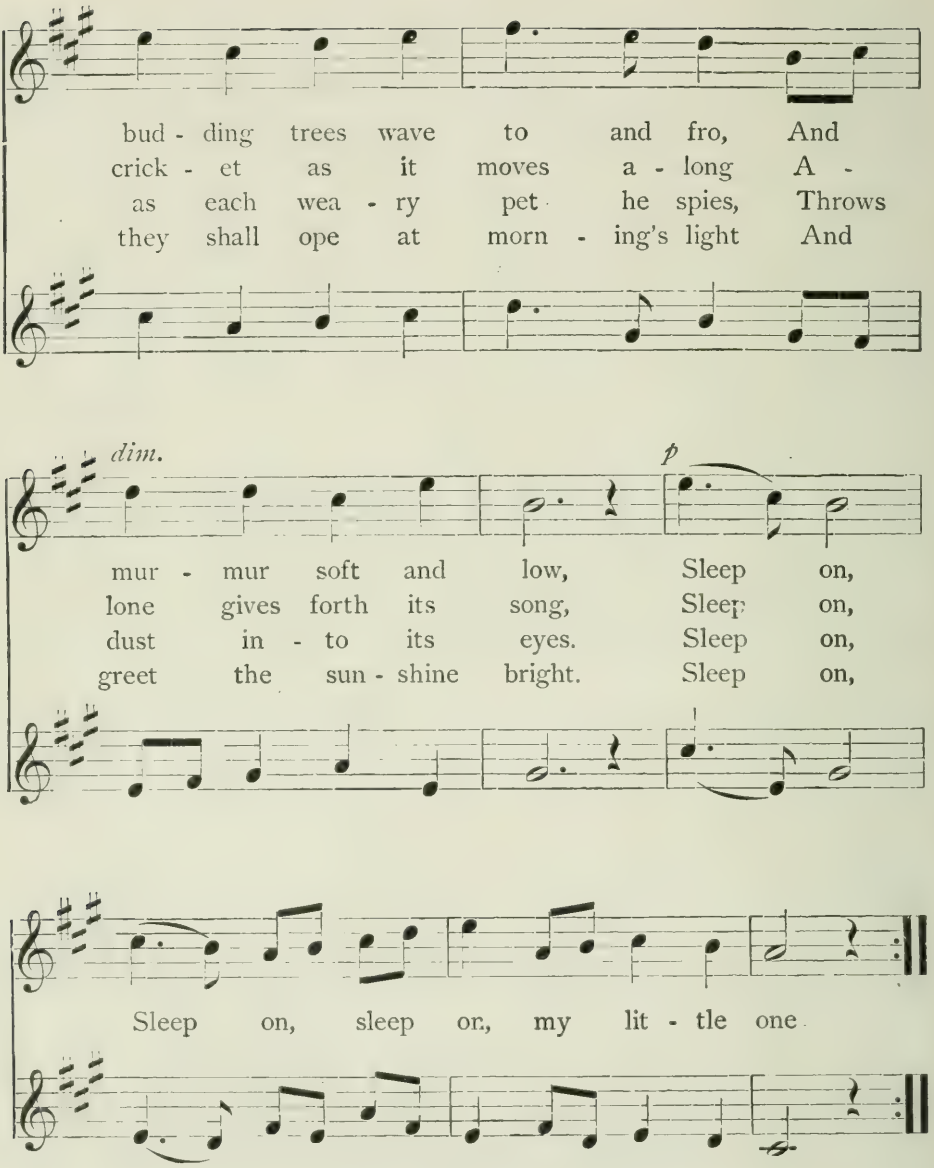
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

Boldly f
1. A wet sheet and a flow - ing sea, A
2. Oh, for a safe and gen - tle wind! I
cres.
wind that fol - lows fast, And fills the white and
heard a fair one cry; But give to me th
rust - ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast. And
swell - ing breeze, And white waves heav - ing high. The

bends the gal - lant mast, my boys, While
white waves heav - ing high, my lads, The
cres.
ff
like the ea - gle free, A - way the good ship
good ship tight and free, The world of wa - ters
flies, and leaves Old Eng - land on the lee.
is our home, And mer - ry men are we.

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

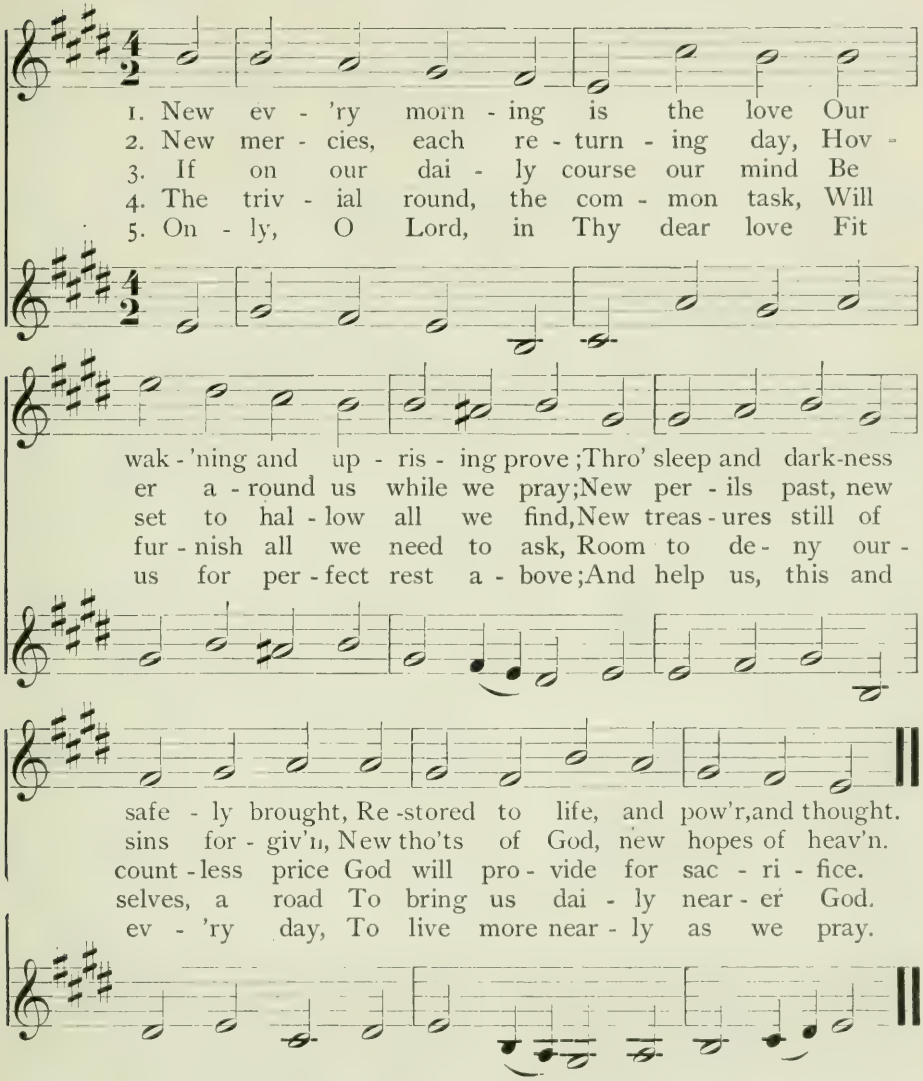
J. Brahms


f
1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - -
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When .
3. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the
4. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is . .
neath the moon's bright ray ; They nod their heads to -
noon - day sun rose high, With - in their nests are
win - dow shows his head, And looks for all good
man - y steps a - way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my
geth - er And dream the night a - way ; The
sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh ; The
chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed ; And
dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day ; But


bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And
crick - et as it moves a - long A -
as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws
they shall ope at morn - ing's light And
dim.
p
mur - mur soft and low, Sleep on,
lone gives forth its song, Sleep on,
dust in - to its eyes. Sleep on,
greet the sun - shine bright. Sleep on,
Sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one

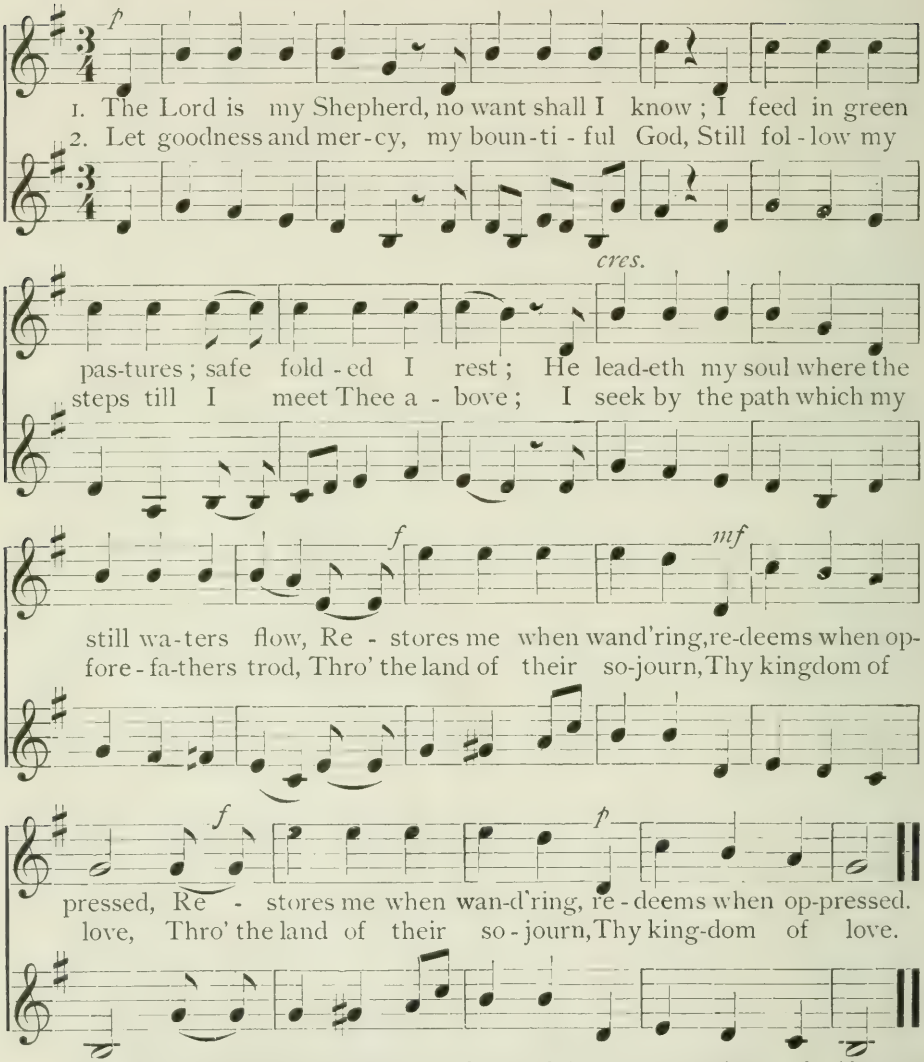
NEW EVERY MORNING IS THE LOVE

JOHN KEBLE S. WEBBE


1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love Our
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov -
3. If on our dai - ly course our mind Be
4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will
5. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit
wak - 'ning and up - ris - ing prove ;Thro' sleep and dark-ness
er a - round us while we pray;New per - ils past, new
set to hal - low all we find,New treas - ures still of
fur - nish all we need to ask, Room to de - ny our -
us for per - fect rest a - bove;And help us, this and
safe - ly brought, Re -stored to life, and pow'r,and thought.
sins for - giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
count - less price God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
selves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.
ev - 'ry day, To live more near - ly as we pray.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

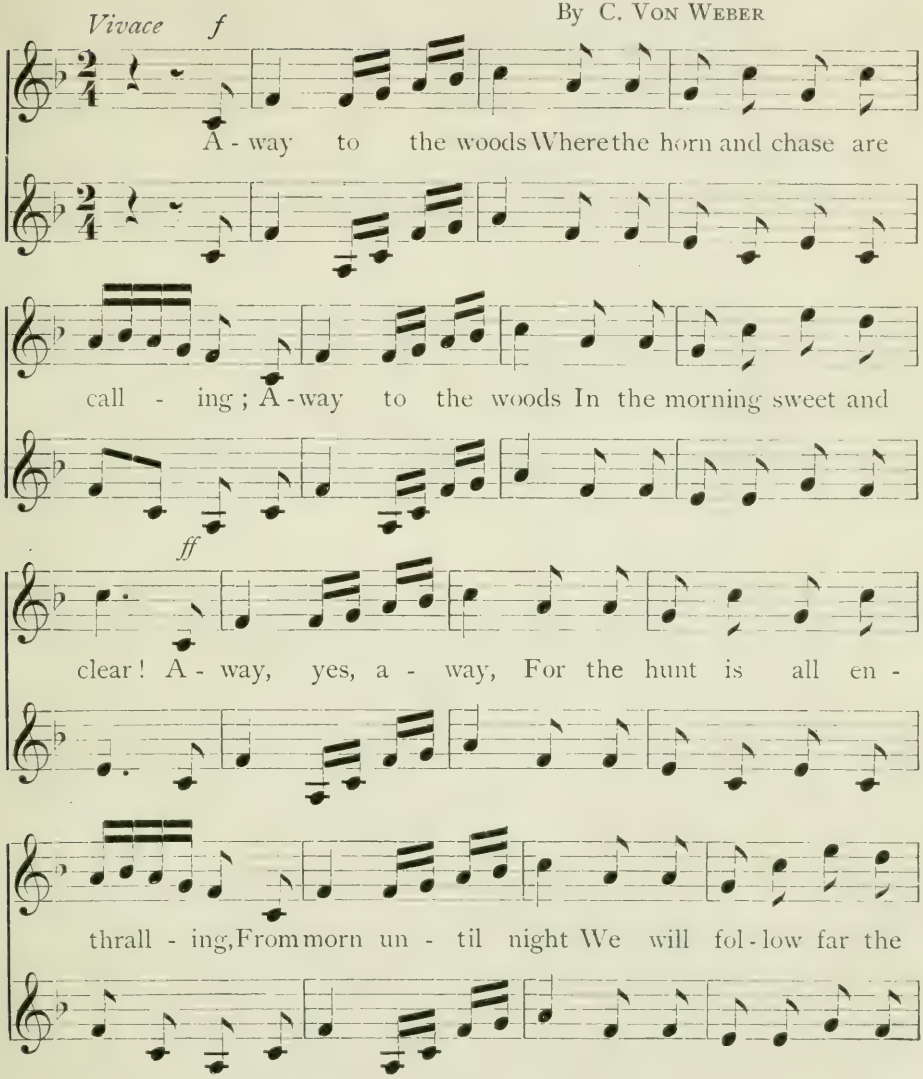
JAS. MONTGOMERY — KOSCHAT

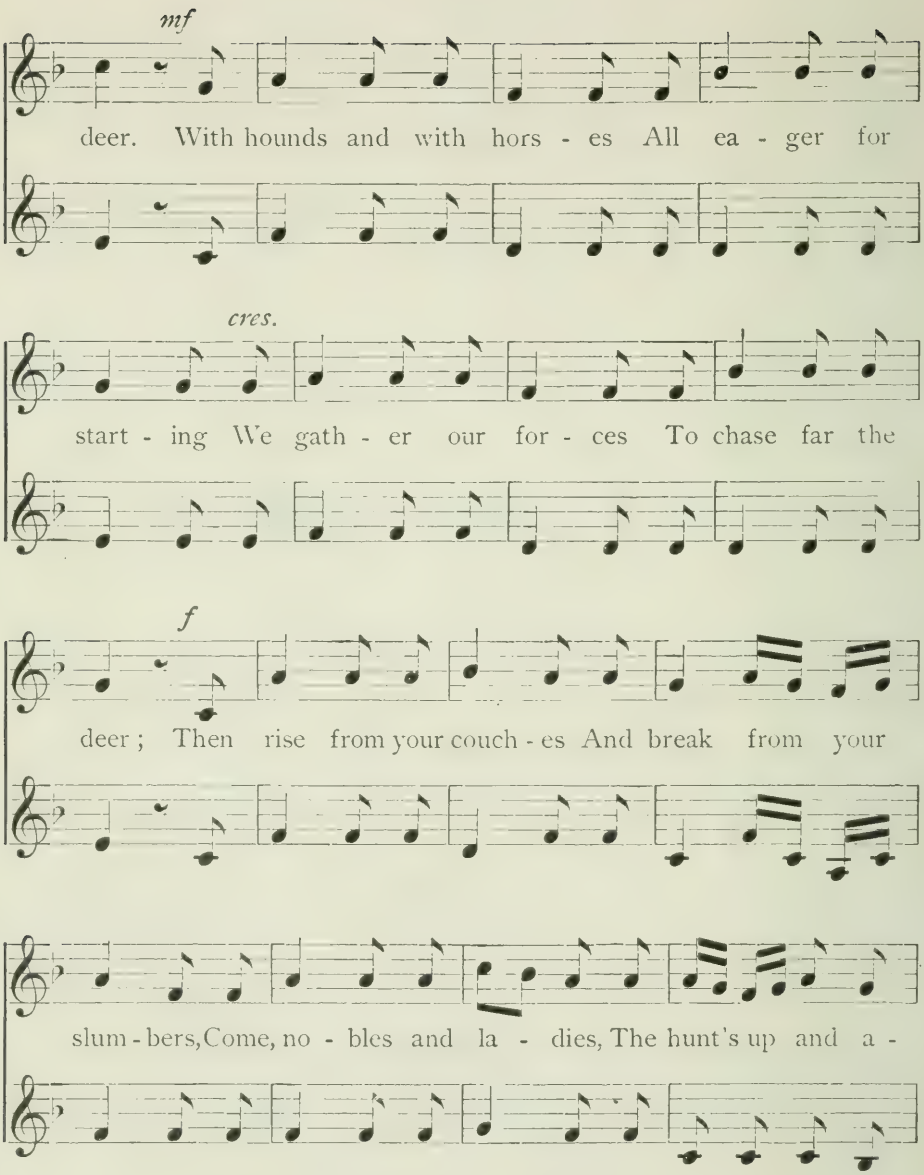
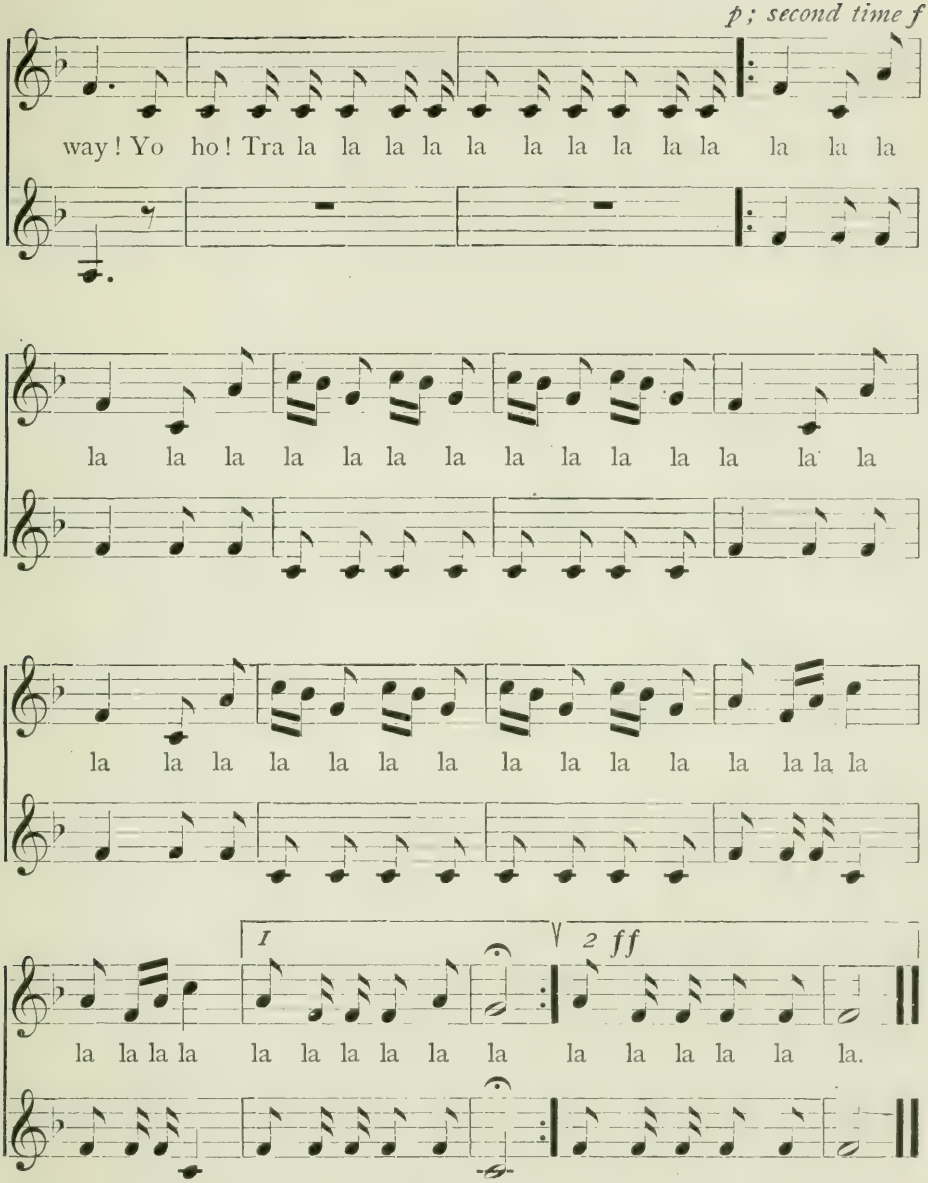

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
cres.
pas-tures; safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the path which my
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of
pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

NOTE. The Alto part has the melody, the Soprano being an accompaniment; the Alto may be emphasized accordingly, and a good effect is produced if the Sopranos only hum their part.

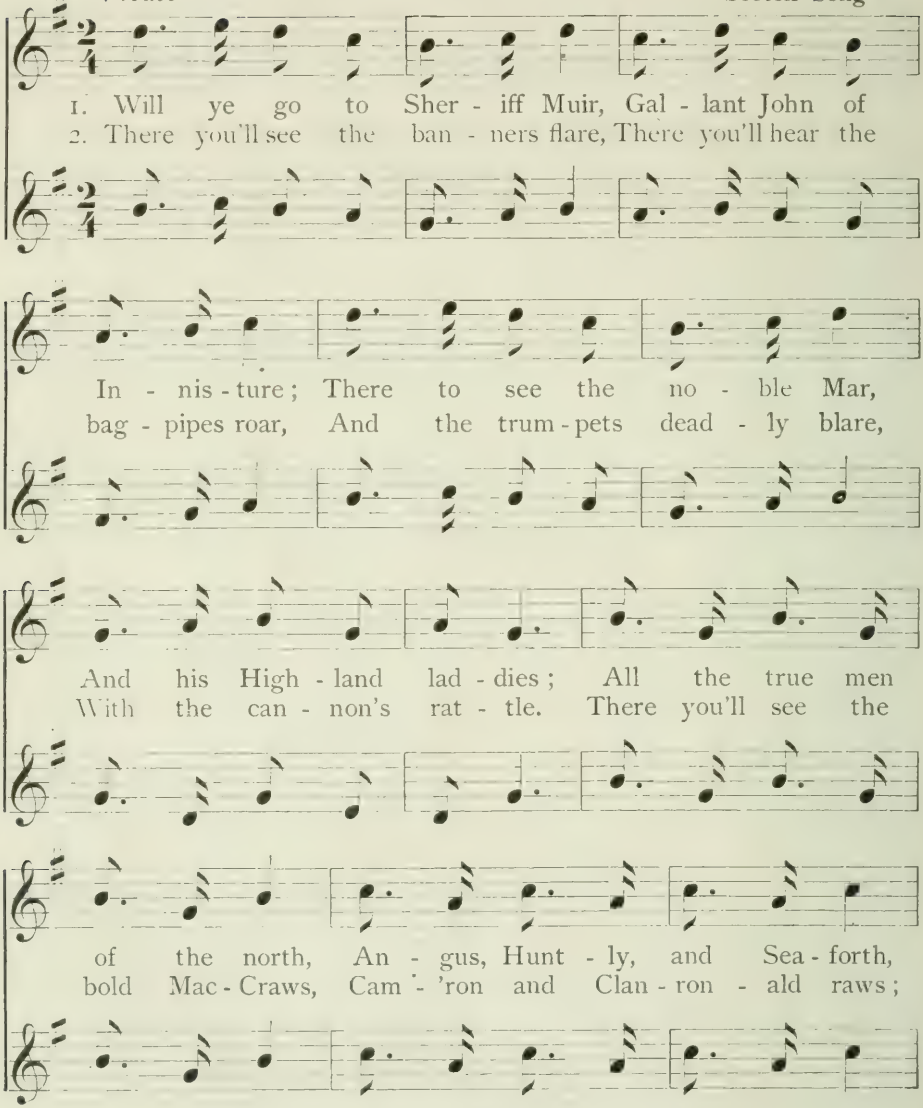
HUNTING CHORUS

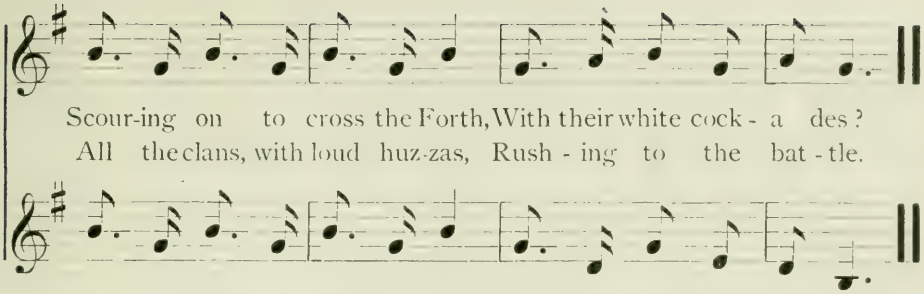
From the opera of "DER FREISCHÜTZ"
By C. VON WEBER


Vivace
f
A - way to the woods Where the horn and chase are
call - ing; A - way to the woods In the morning sweet and
ff
clear! A - way, yes, a - way, For the hunt is all en -
thrall - ing, From morn un - til night We will fol - low far the


mf
deer. With hounds and with hors - es All ea - ger for
cres.
start - ing We gath - er our for - ces To chase far the
f
deer; Then rise from your couch - es And break from your
slum - bers, Come, no - bles and la - dies, The hunt's up and a -

p ; second time f
way ! Yo ho ! Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
1
2 ff
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

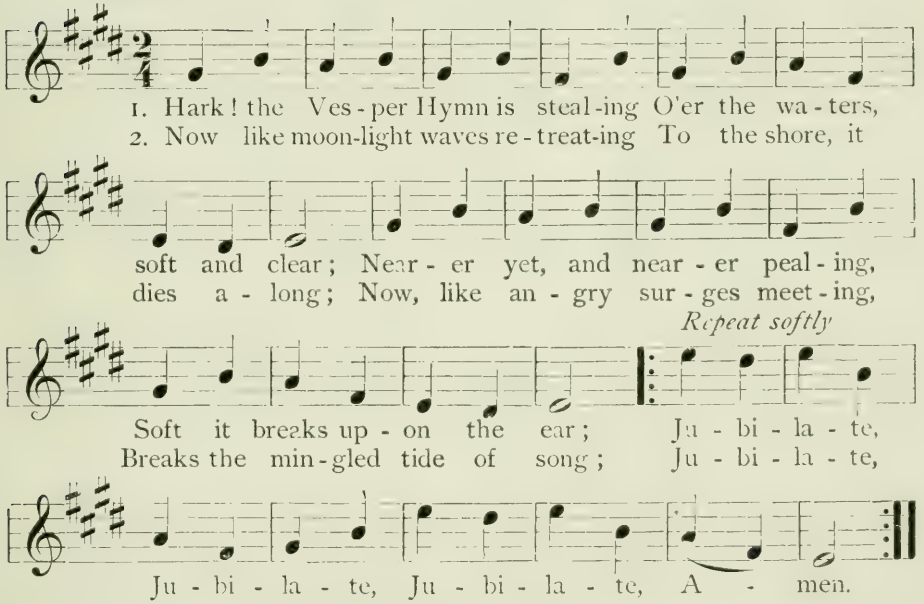
SHERIFF MUIR

Vivace Scotch Song

1. Will ye go to Sher - iff Muir, Gal - lant John of
2. There you'll see the ban - ners flare, There you'll hear the
In - nis - ture; There to see the no - ble Mar,
bag - pipes roar, And the trum - pets dead - ly blare,
And his High - land lad - dies; All the true men
With the can - non's rat - tle. There you'll see the
of the north, An - gus, Hunt - ly, and Sea - forth,
bold Mac - Craws, Cam - 'ron and Clan - ron - ald raws;



THE VESPER HYMN

T. MOORE — BORTNIANSKI

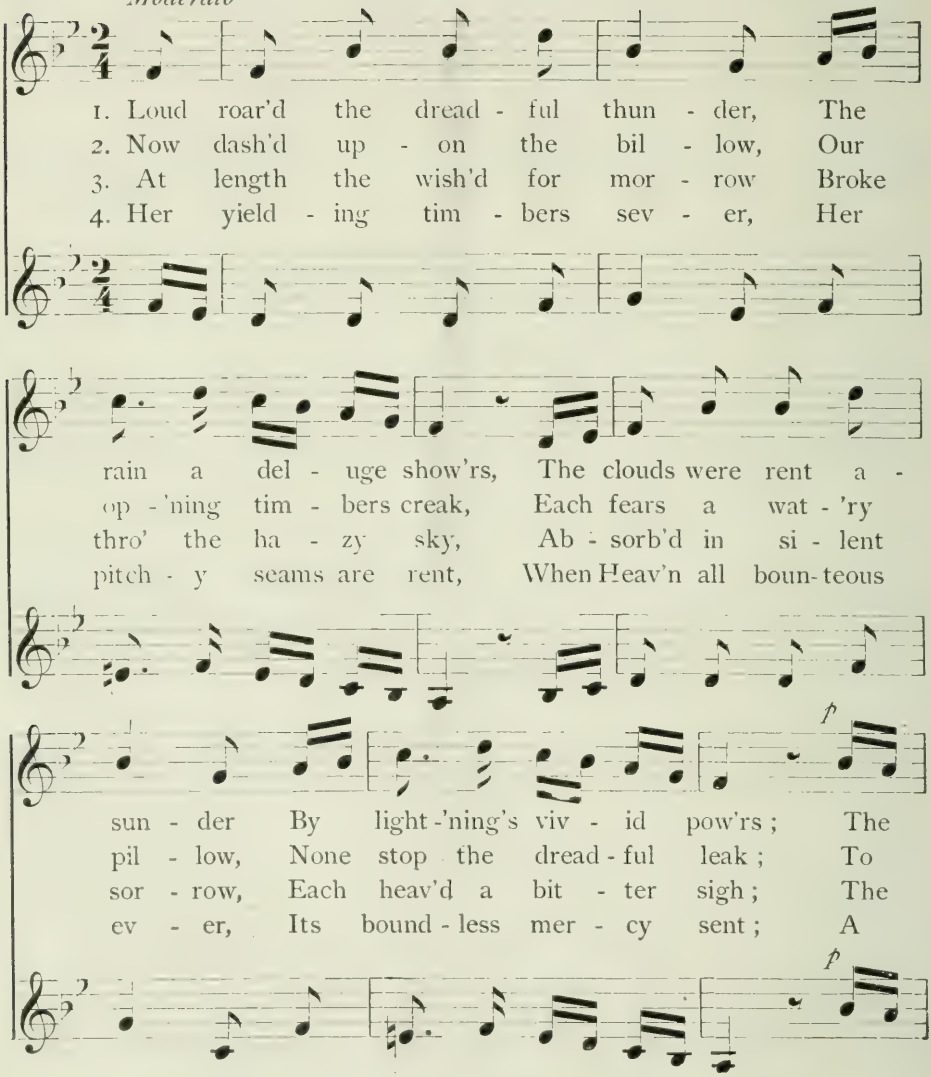

1. Hark! the Ves - per Hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa - ters,
2. Now like moon-light waves re - treat-ing To the shore, it
soft and clear; Near - er yet, and near - er peal - ing,
dies a - long; Now, like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing,
Repeat softly
Soft it breaks up - on the ear; Ju - bi - la - te,
Breaks the min-gled tide of song; Ju - bi - la - te,
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

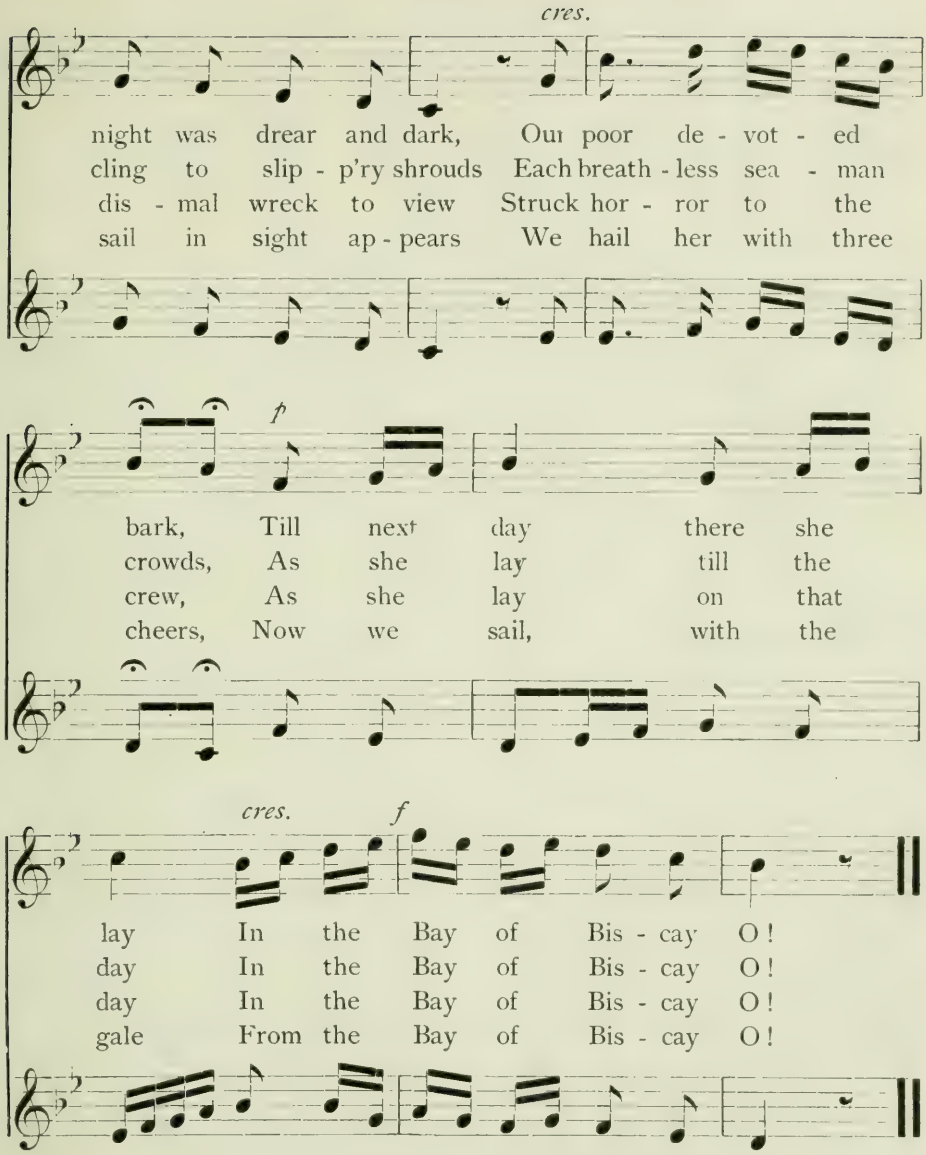
NOTE. Ju-bĭ-lā-te is a Latin word meaning "Be joyful"; it is the beginning of the Hundredth Psalm.

THE BAY OF BISCAY

ANDREW CHERRY — J. DAVY

Moderato

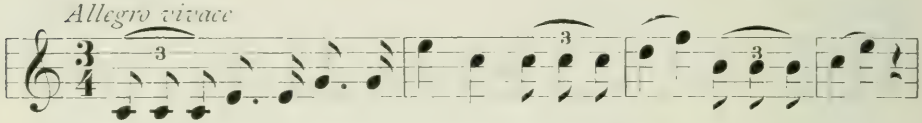

1. Loud roar'd the dread - ful thun - der, The
rain a del - uge show'rs, The clouds were rent a -
sun - der By light - 'ning's viv - id pow'rs; The
2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Our
op - 'ning tim - bers creak, Each fears a wat - 'ry
pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak; To
3. At length the wish'd for mor - row Broke
thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab - sorb'd in si - lent
sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh; The
4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her
pitch - y seams are rent, When Heav'n all boun - teous
ev - er, Its bound - less mer - cy sent; A
f
f


cres.
night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed
cling to slip - p'ry shrouds Each breath - less sea - man
dis - mal wreck to view Struck hor - ror to the
sail in sight ap - pears We hail her with three
f
bark, Till next day there she
crowds, As she lay till the
crew, As she lay on that
cheers, Now we sail, with the
cres.
f
lay In the Bay of Bis - cay O!
day In the Bay of Bis - cay O!
day In the Bay of Bis - cay O!
gale From the Bay of Bis - cay O!

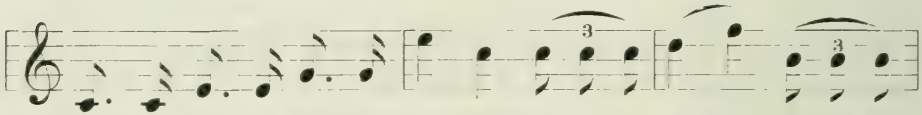
TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY

THOS. MOORE — Arranged by THOS. MOORE

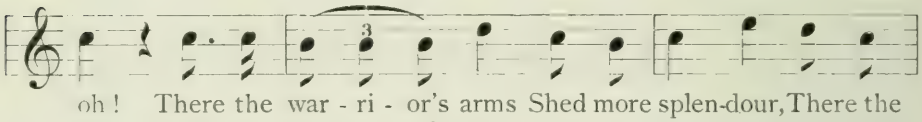
Allegro vivace



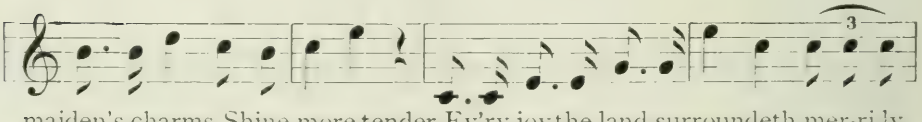
1. Mer-ri-ly ev-'ry bos-om boundeth, mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!
2.* Wea-ri-ly ev-'ry bos-om pin-eth, wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly oh!
3. Cheer-i-ly then from hill and val-ley, cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly oh!



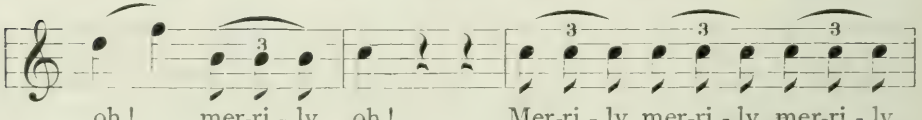
Where the song of Free-dom soundeth, mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly
Where the bond of slav-'ry twin-eth, wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly
Like your na-tive foun-tains sal-ly, cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly



oh! There the war-ri-or's arms Shed more splen-dour, There the
oh! There the war-ri-or's dart Hath no fleet-ness, There the
oh! If a glo-ri-ous death Won by brav-'ry Sweet-er



maiden's charms Shine more tender, Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth, mer-ri-ly,
maiden's heart Hath no sweetness, Ev'ry flow'r of life de-clin-eth, wea-ri-ly,
be than breath Sigh'd in slav'ry, Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheer-i-ly.



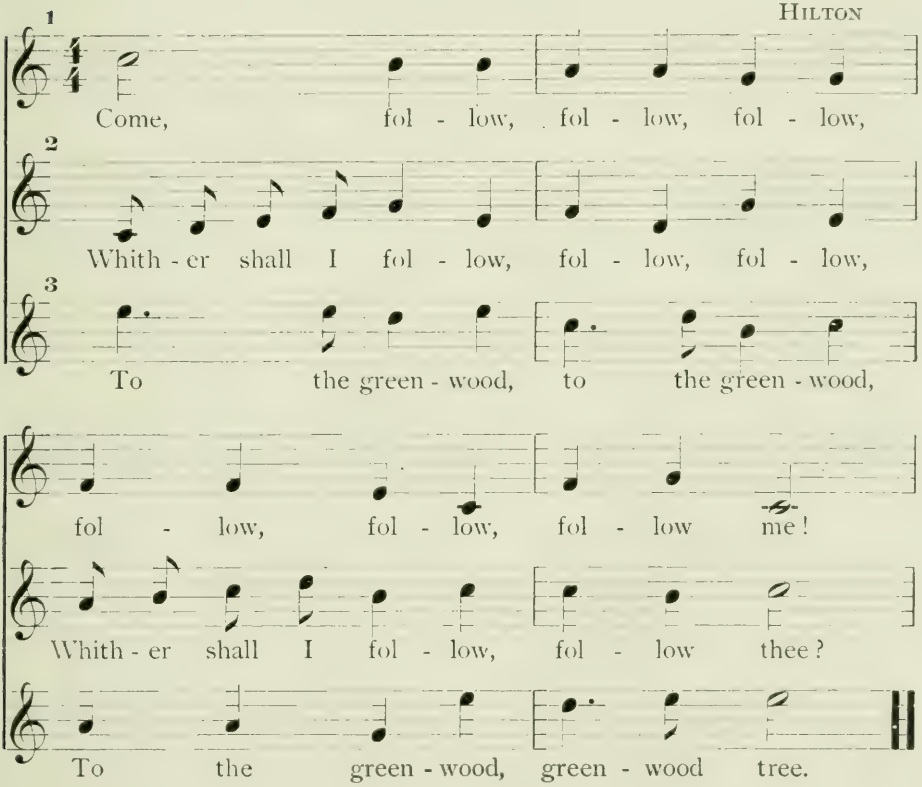
oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
oh! wea-ri-ly oh! Wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly,
oh! cheer-i-ly oh! Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly,

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, oh! mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!
wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, oh! wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly oh!
cheer-i-ly,cheer-i-ly,cheeri-ly, oh! cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i ly oh!

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW

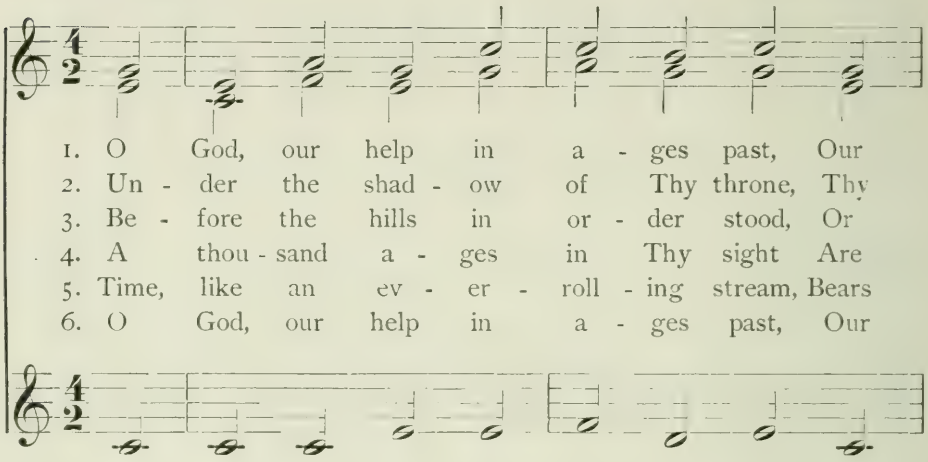
A Round

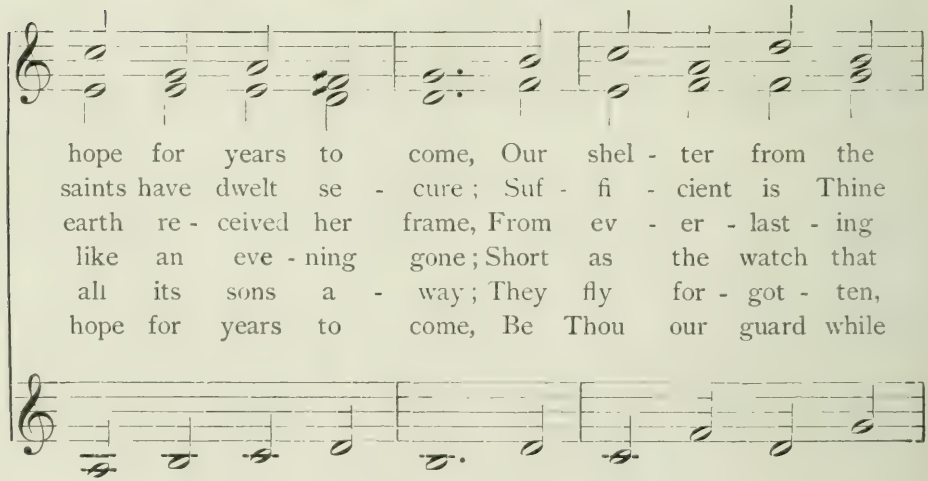
HILTON

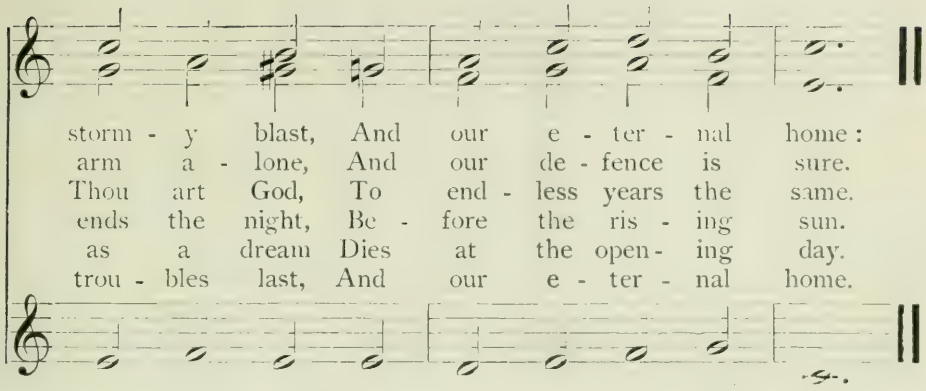

1
Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
2
Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
3
To the green - wood, to the green - wood,
fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me!
Whith - er shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?
To the green - wood, green - wood tree.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

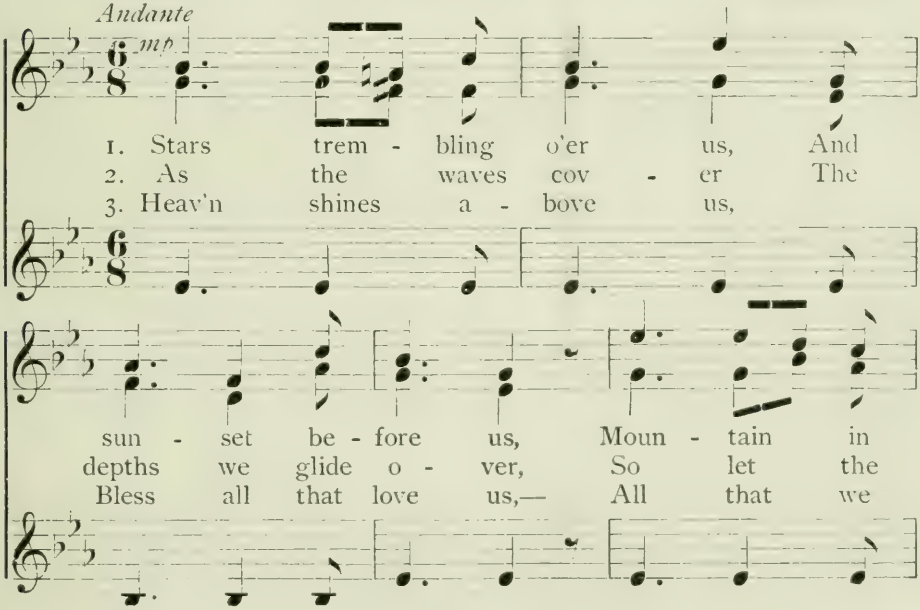
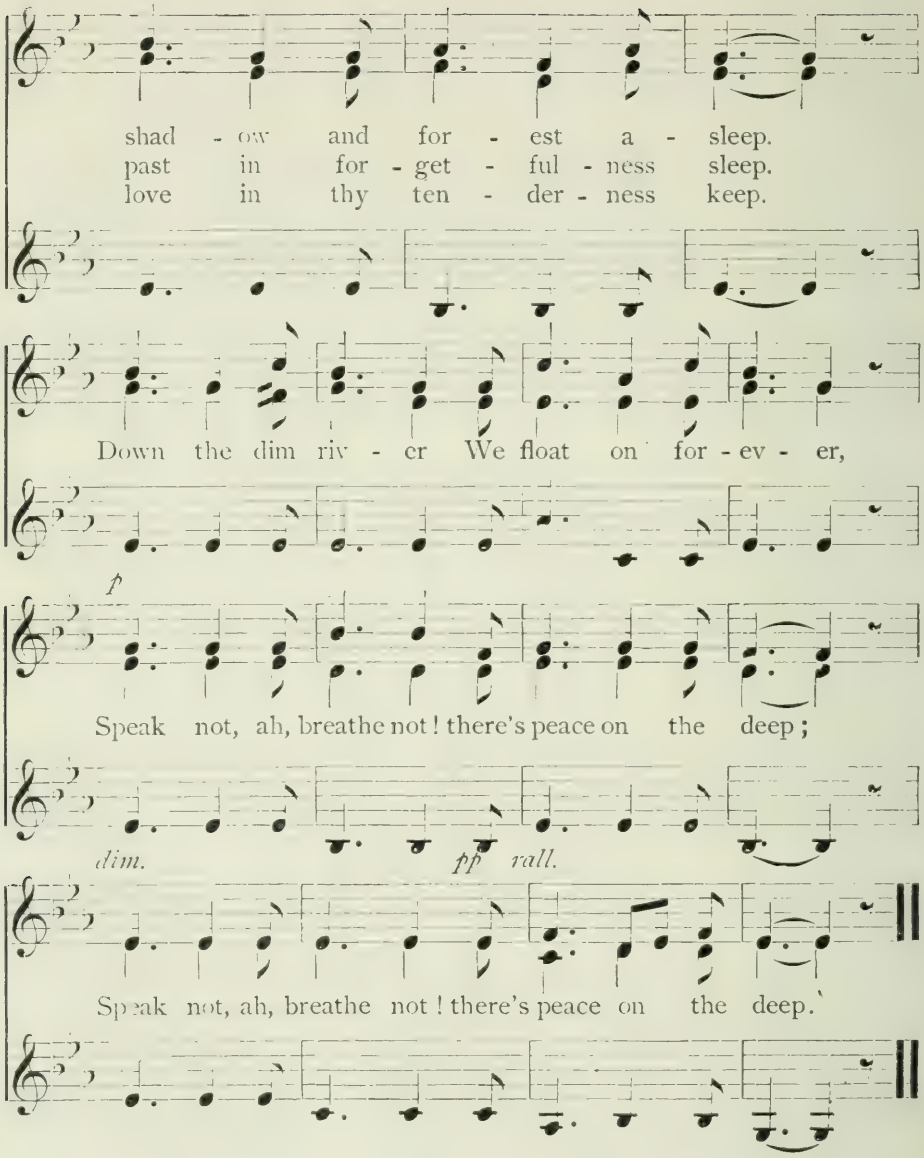
ISAAC WATTS — WM. CROFT


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Thy
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our

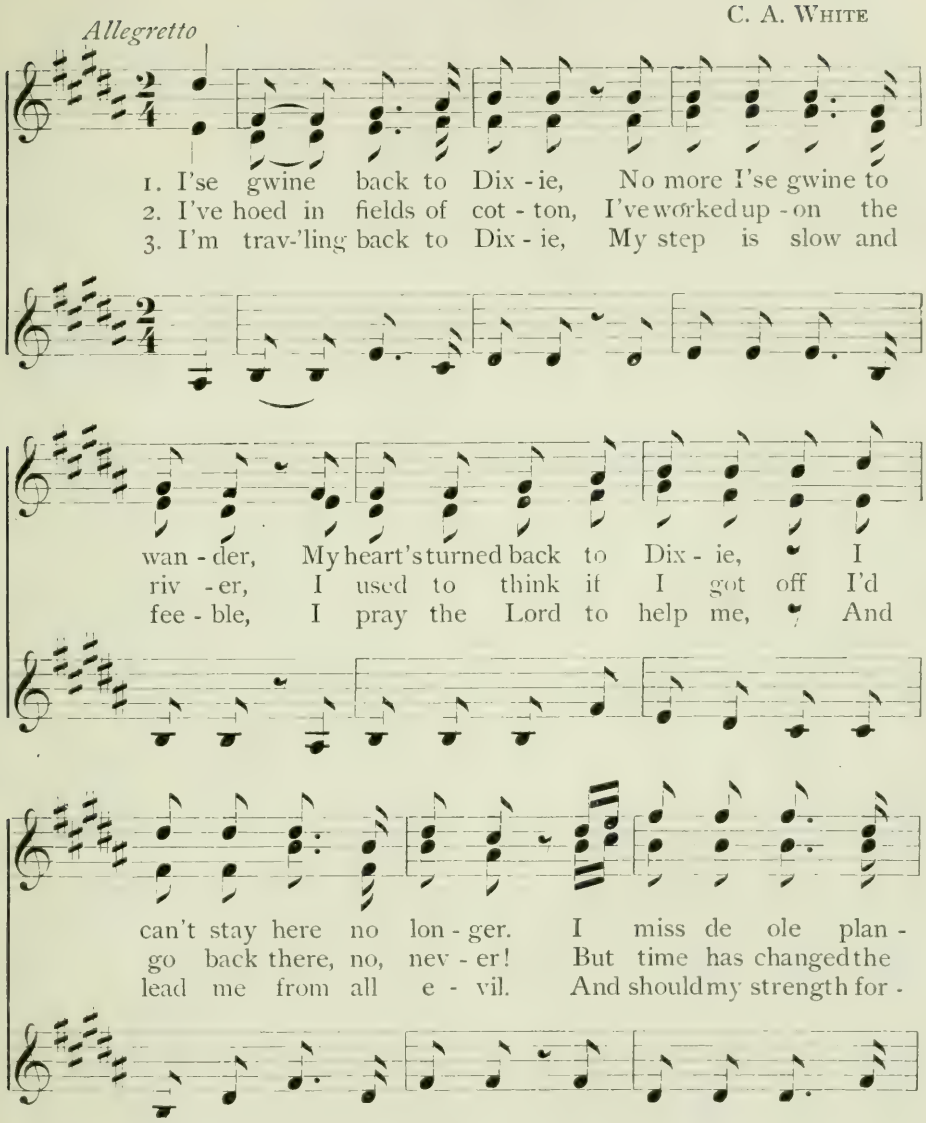
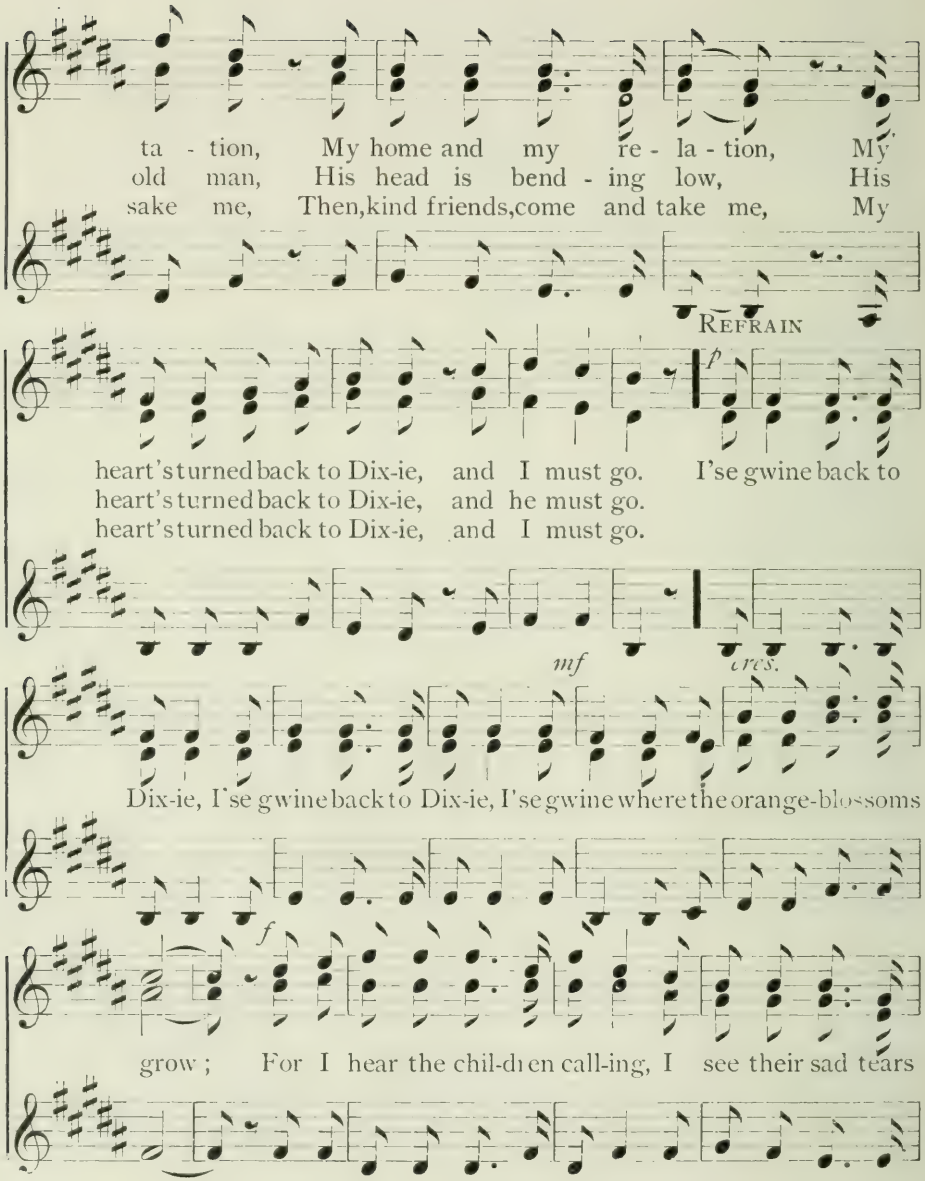

hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the
saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine
earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing
like an eve - ning gone; Short as the watch that
all its sons a - way; They fly for - got - ten,
hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while


storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.
trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

STARS TREMBLING O'ER US

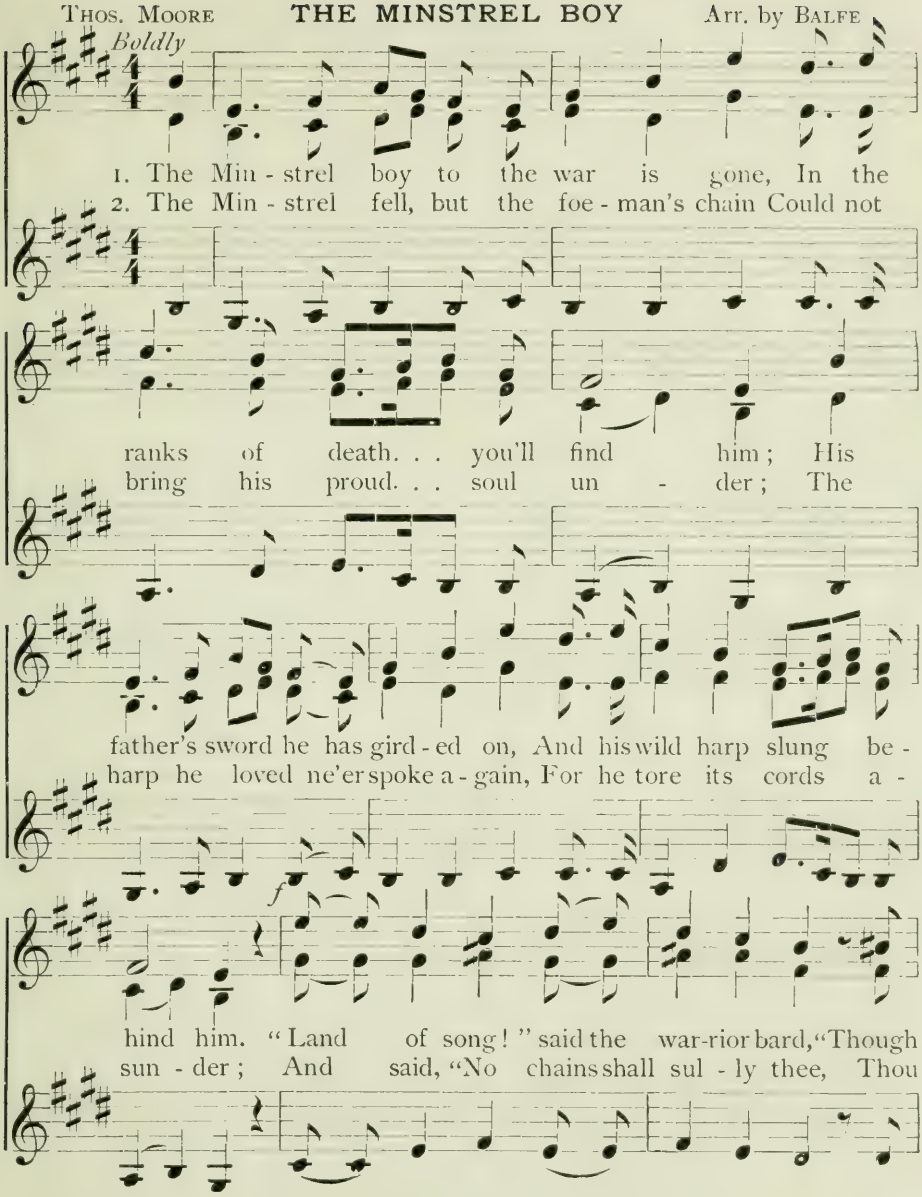
D. M. Muloch — Muloch?

Andante
mp
1. Stars trem - bling o'er us, And
2. As the waves cov - er The
3. Heav'n shines a - bove us,
sun - set be - fore us, Moun - tain in
depths we glide o - ver, So let the
Bless all that love us,— All that we

shad - ow and for - est a - sleep.
past in for - get - ful - ness sleep.
love in thy ten - der - ness keep.
Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er,
f
Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep;
dim.
pp rall.
Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

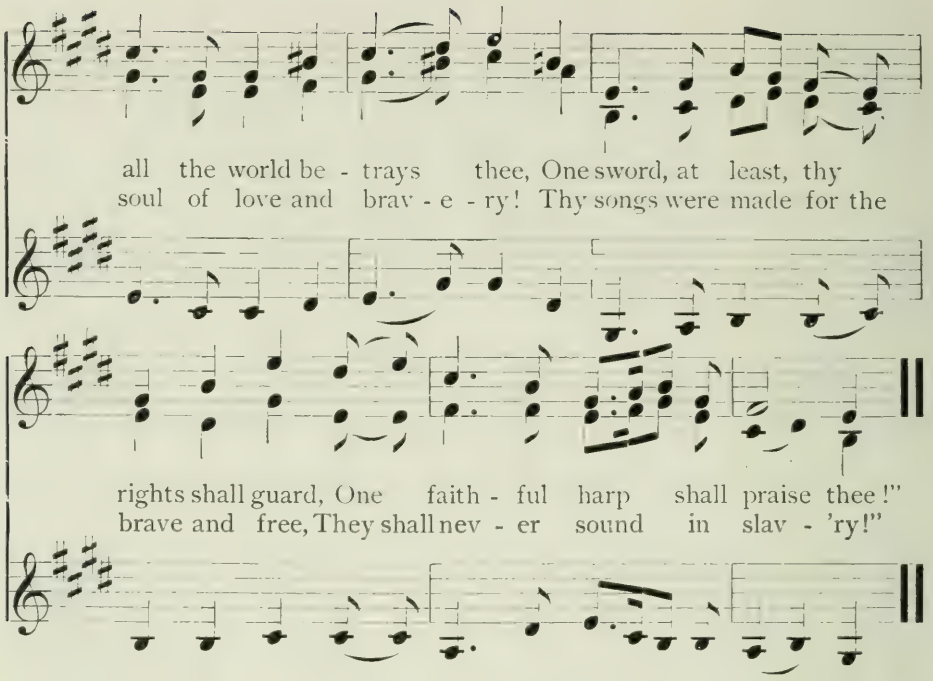
I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE

C. A. White

Allegretto
1. I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, No more I'se gwine to
2. I've hoed in fields of cot - ton, I've worked up - on the
3. I'm trav-'ling back to Dix - ie, My step is slow and
wan - der, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, I
riv - er, I used to think it I got off I'd
fee - ble, I pray the Lord to help me, And
can't stay here no lon - ger. I miss de ole plan -
go back there, no, nev - er! But time has changed the
lead me from all e - vil. And should my strength for -

ta - tion, My home and my re - la - tion, My
old man, His head is bend - ing low, His
sake me, Then, kind friends, come and take me, My
REFRAIN
f
heart's turned back to Dix-ie, and I must go. I'se gwine back to
heart's turned back to Dix-ie, and he must go.
heart's turned back to Dix-ie, and I must go.
mf
cres.
Dix-ie, I'se gwine back to Dix-ie, I'se gwine where the orange-blossoms
f
grow; For I hear the chil-dren call-ing, I see their sad tears

THOS. MOORE

THE MINSTREL BOY

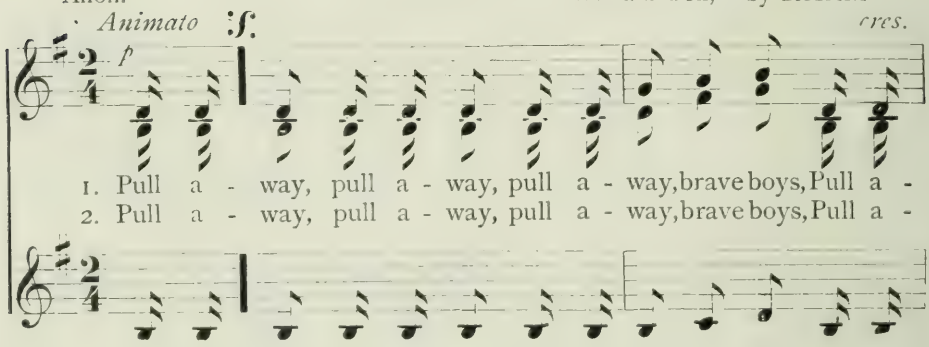
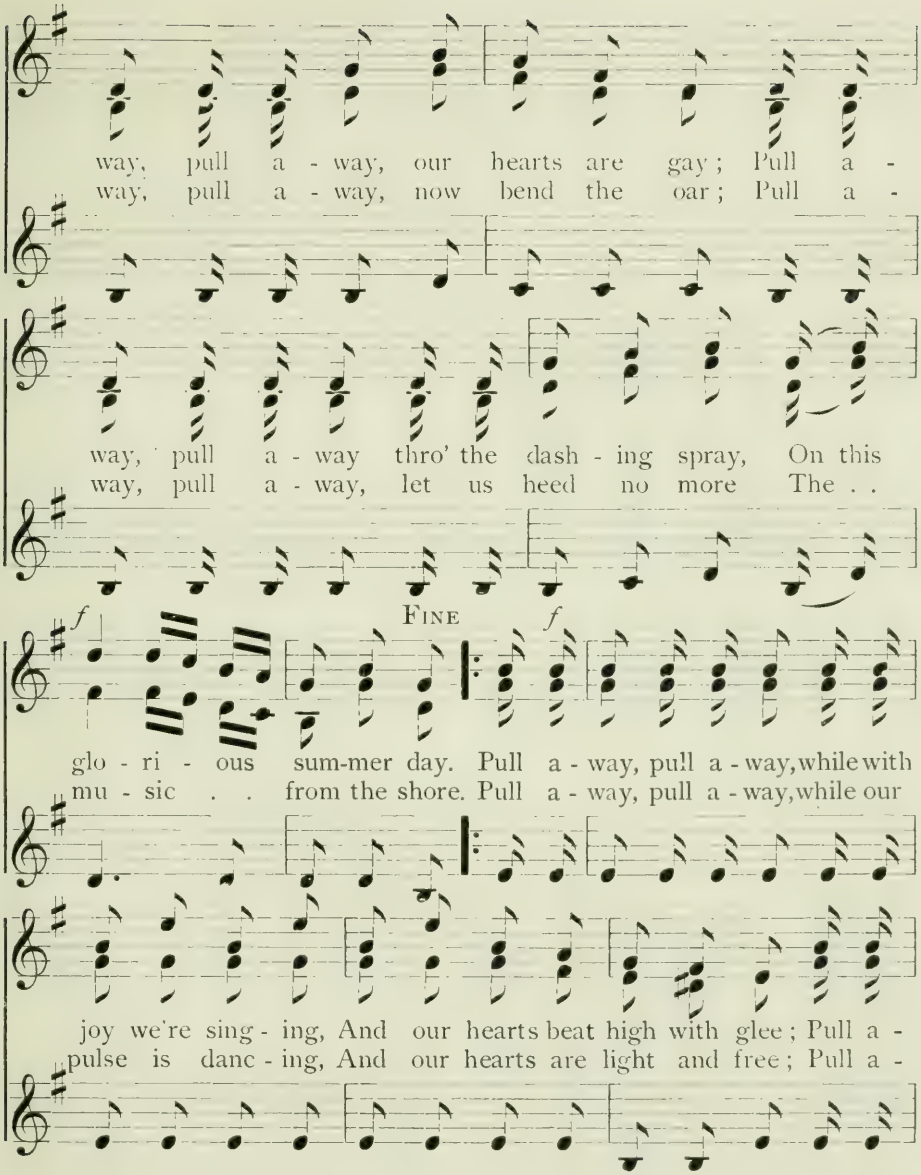
Arr. by BALFE

Boldly
1. The Min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The Min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not
ranks of death. . . you'll find him; His
bring his proud. . . soul un - der; The
father's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a -
f
hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Though
sun - der; And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou


all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy
soul of love and brav - e - ry! Thy songs were made for the
rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!"

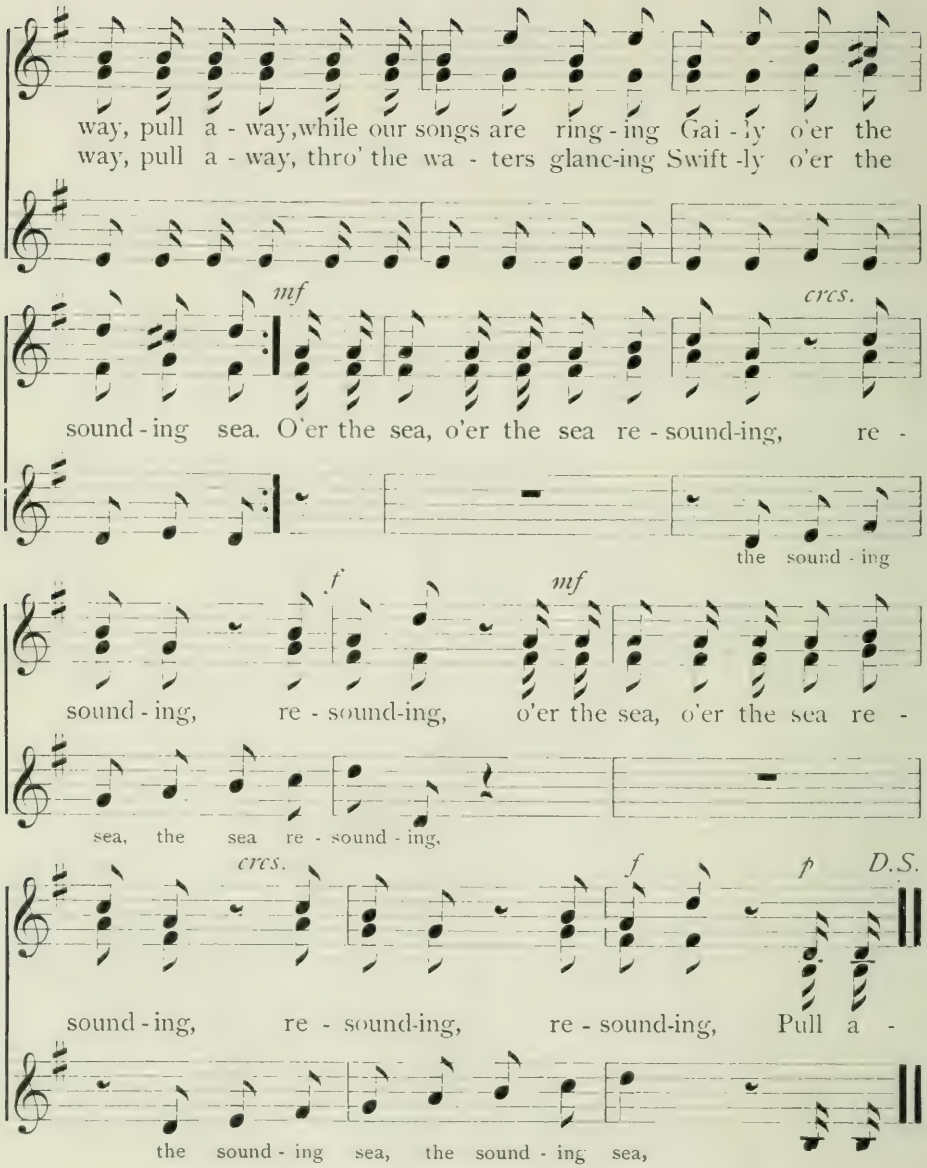
PULL AWAY

Arranged from the opera of
"William Tell," by ROSSINI

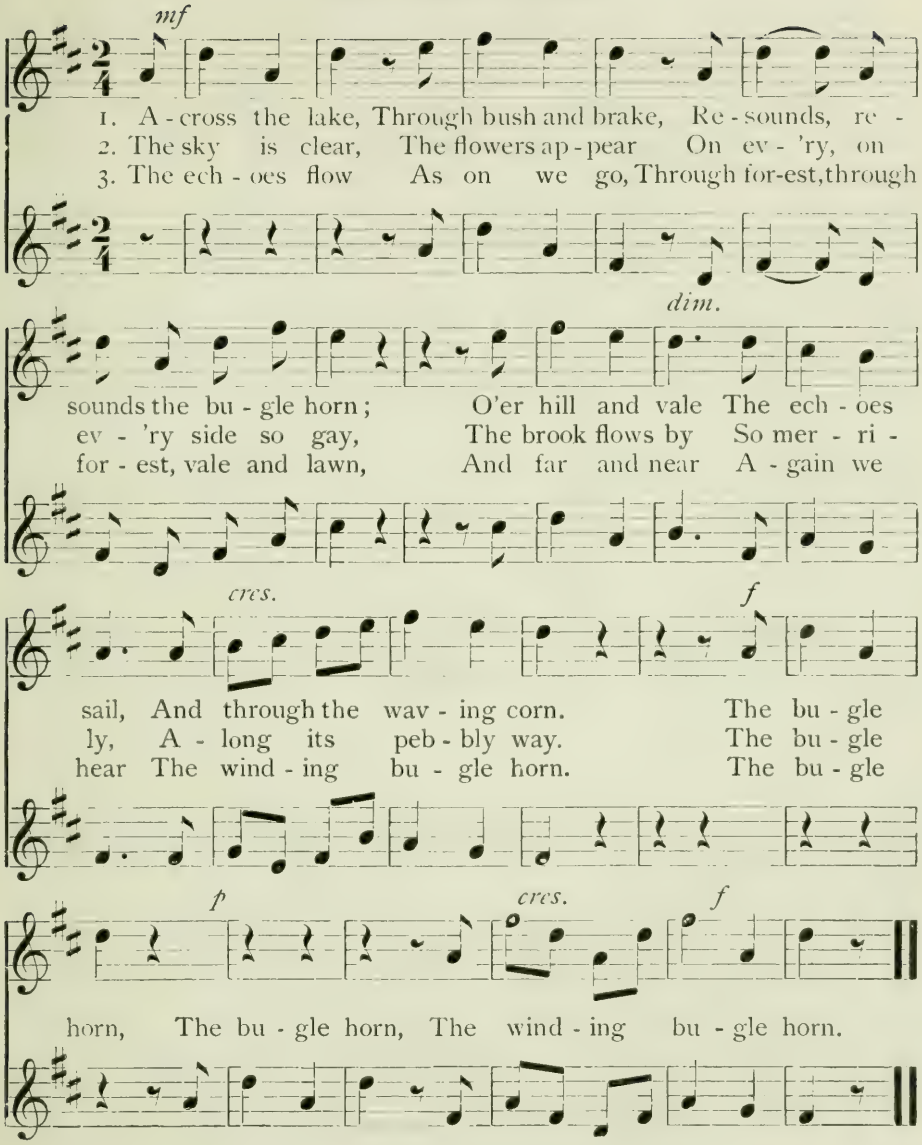
Anon.



way, pull a - way, our hearts are gay; Pull a -
way, pull a - way, now bend the oar; Pull a -
way, pull a - way thro' the dash - ing spray, On this
way, pull a - way, let us heed no more The . .
FINE
f
f
glo - ri - ous sum-mer day. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while with
mu - sic . . from the shore. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while our
joy we're sing - ing, And our hearts beat high with glee; Pull a -
pulse is danc - ing, And our hearts are light and free; Pull a -

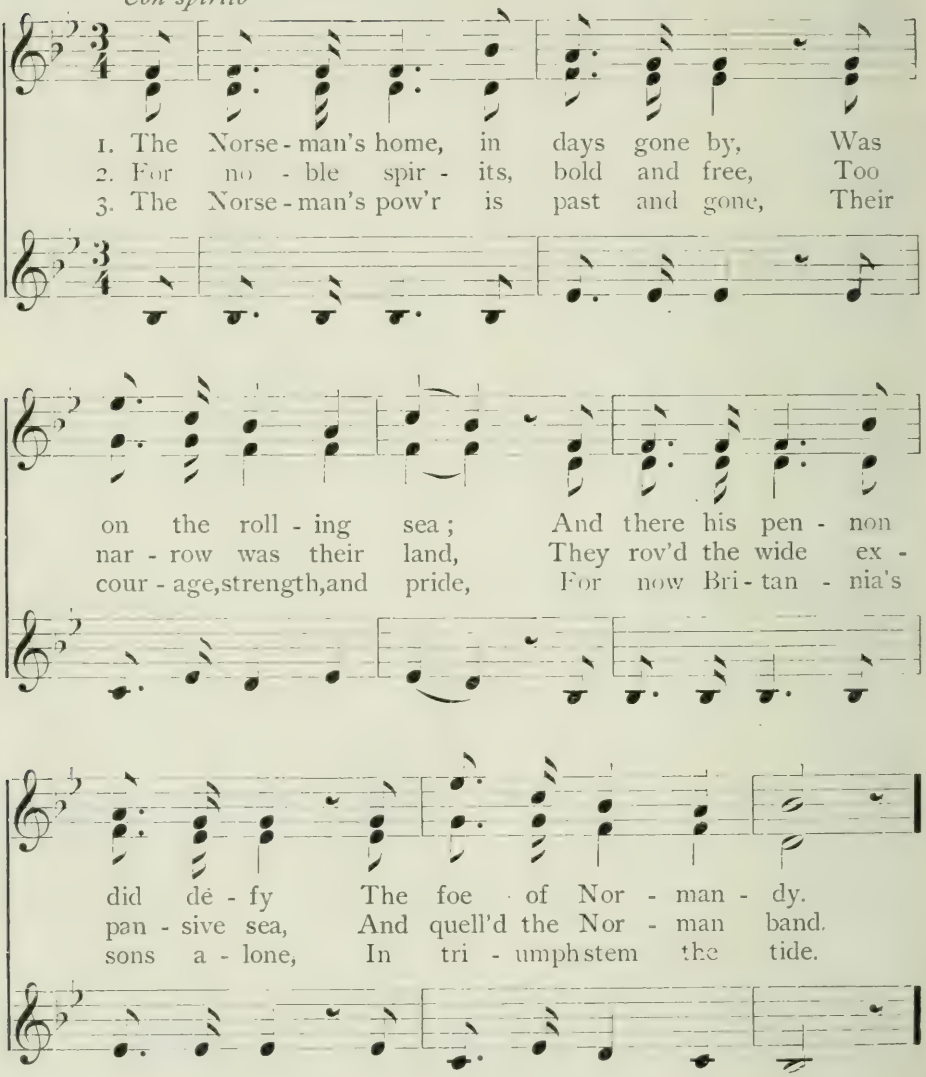

way, pull a - way, while our songs are ring - ing Gai - ly o'er the
way, pull a - way, thro' the wa - ters glanc-ing Swift -ly o'er the
mf
crcs.
sound - ing sea. O'er the sea, o'er the sea re - sound-ing, re -
the sound - ing
f
mf
sound - ing, re - sound-ing, o'er the sea, o'er the sea re -
sea, the sea re - sound - ing,
crcs.
f
p
D.S.
sound - ing, re - sound-ing, re - sound-ing, Pull a -
the sound - ing sea, the sound - ing sea,

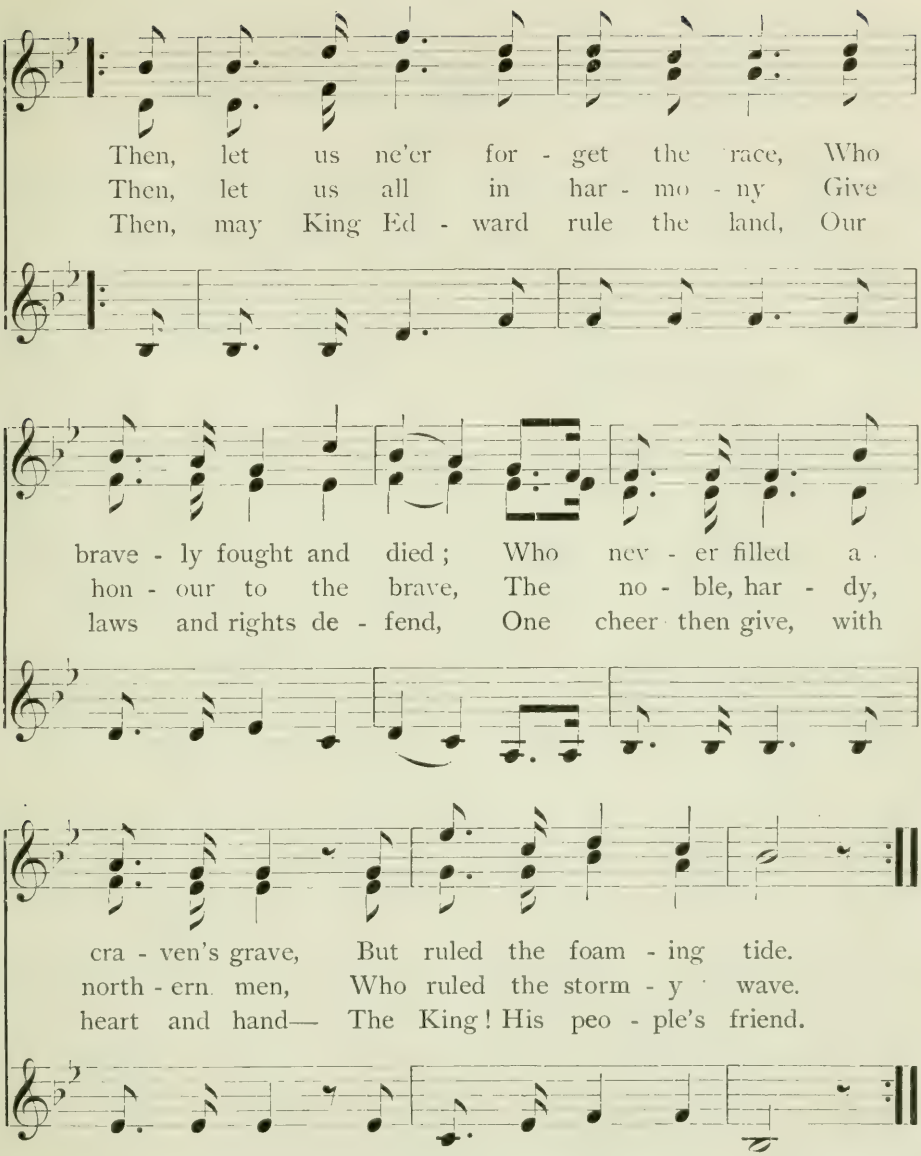
THE BUGLE HORN


mf
1. A - cross the lake, Through bush and brake, Re - sounds, re -
2. The sky is clear, The flowers ap - pear On ev - 'ry, on
3. The ech - oes flow As on we go, Through for-est, through
dim.
sounds the bu - gle horn; O'er hill and vale The ech - oes
ev - 'ry side so gay, The brook flows by So mer - ri -
for - est, vale and lawn, And far and near A - gain we
cres.
f
sail, And through the wav - ing corn. The bu - gle
ly, A - long its peb - bly way. The bu - gle
hear The wind - ing bu - gle horn. The bu - gle
p
cres.
f
horn, The bu - gle horn, The wind - ing bu - gle horn.

THE NORSEMAN

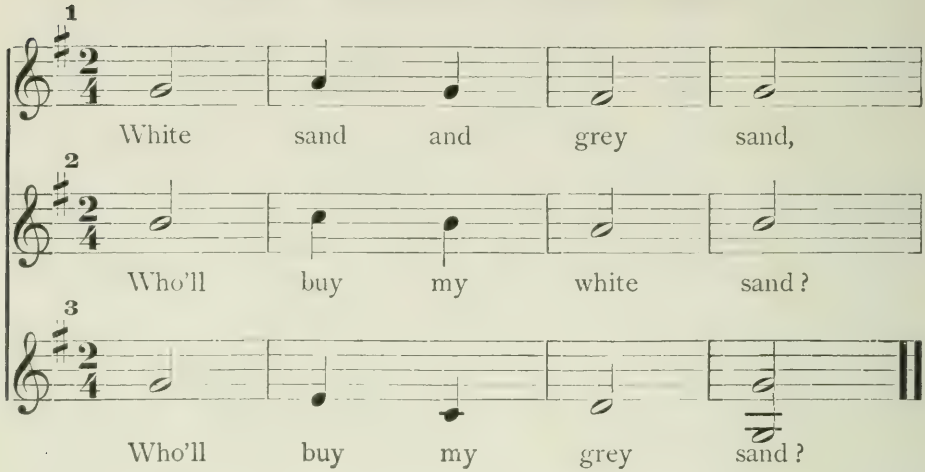
W. West — Norse National Air

Con spirito

1. The Norse-man's home, in days gone by, Was
2. For no-ble spir-its, bold and free, Too
3. The Norse-man's pow'r is past and gone, Their
on the roll-ing sea; And there his pen-non
nar-row was their land, They rov'd the wide ex-
cour-age, strength, and pride, For now Bri-tan-nia's
did dé-fy The foe of Nor-man-dy.
pan-sive sea, And quell'd the Nor-man band.
sons a-lone, In tri-umph stem the tide.


Then, let us ne'er for - get the race, Who
Then, let us all in har - mo - ny Give
Then, may King Ed - ward rule the land, Our
brave - ly fought and died; Who nev - er filled a
hon - our to the brave, The no - ble, har - dy,
laws and rights de - fend, One cheer then give, with
cra - ven's grave, But ruled the foam - ing tide.
north - ern men, Who ruled the storm - y wave.
heart and hand— The King! His peo - ple's friend.

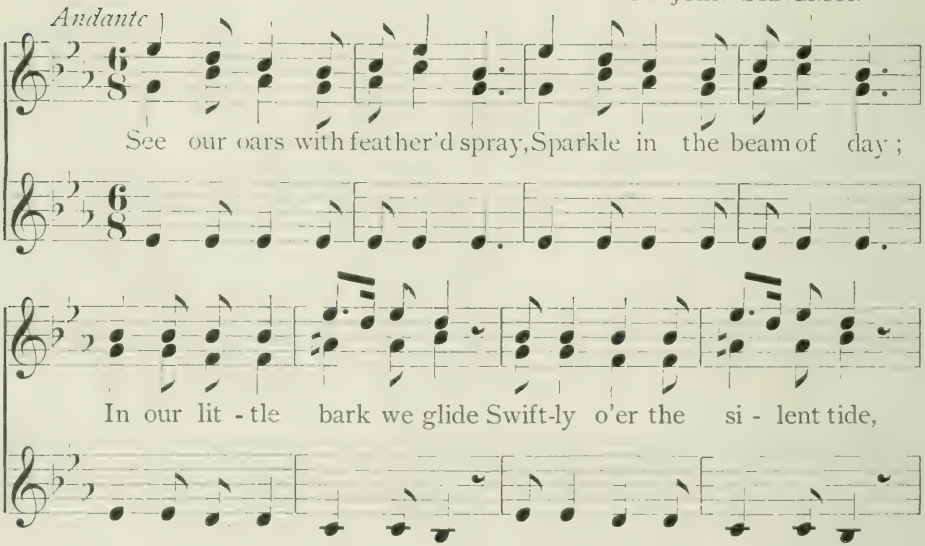
A Round

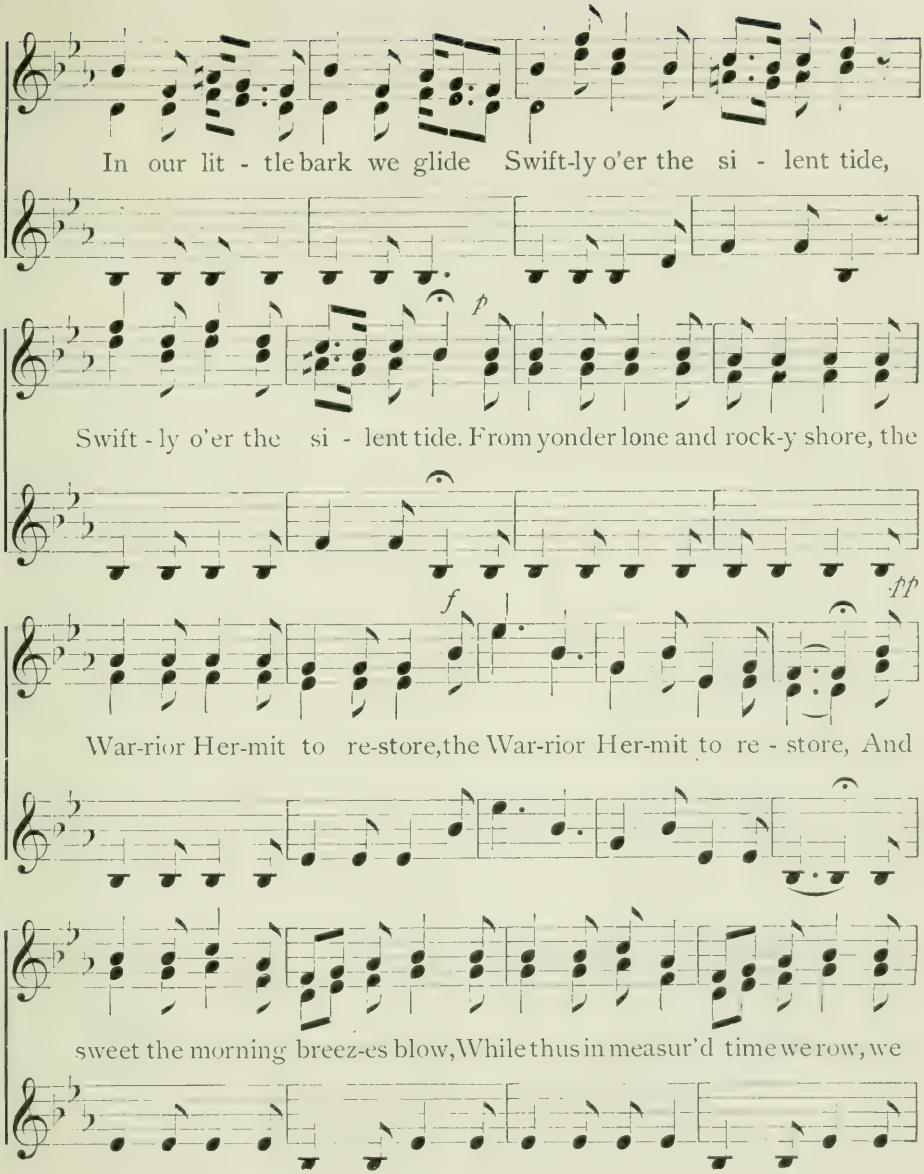
WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND .

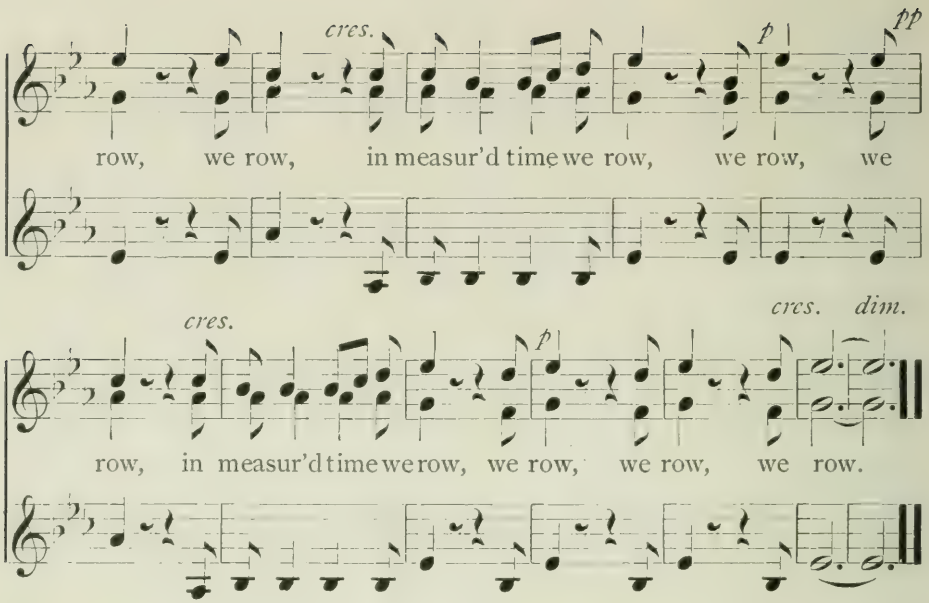


SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHERED SPRAY

Sir JOHN STEVENSON

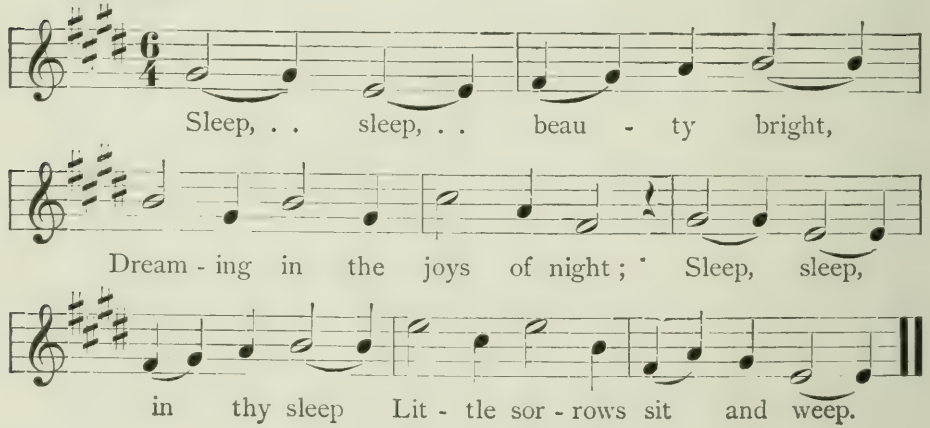

Andante
See our oars with feather'd spray, Sparkle in the beam of day;
In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,


In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,
p
Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. From yonder lone and rock-y shore, the
pp
f
War-rior Her-mit to re-store, the War-rior Her-mit to re - store, And
sweet the morning breez-es blow, While thus in measur'd time we row, we



A CRADLE SONG

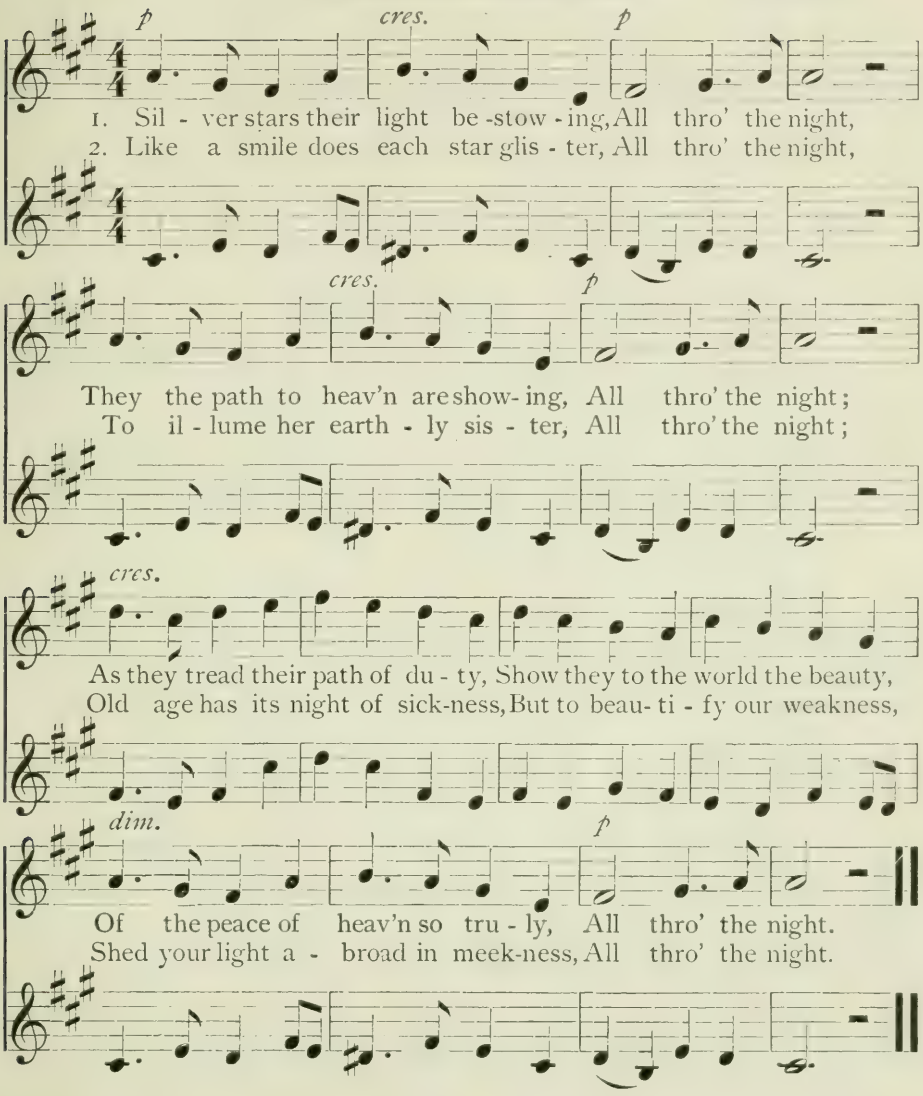
Wm. Blake.



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

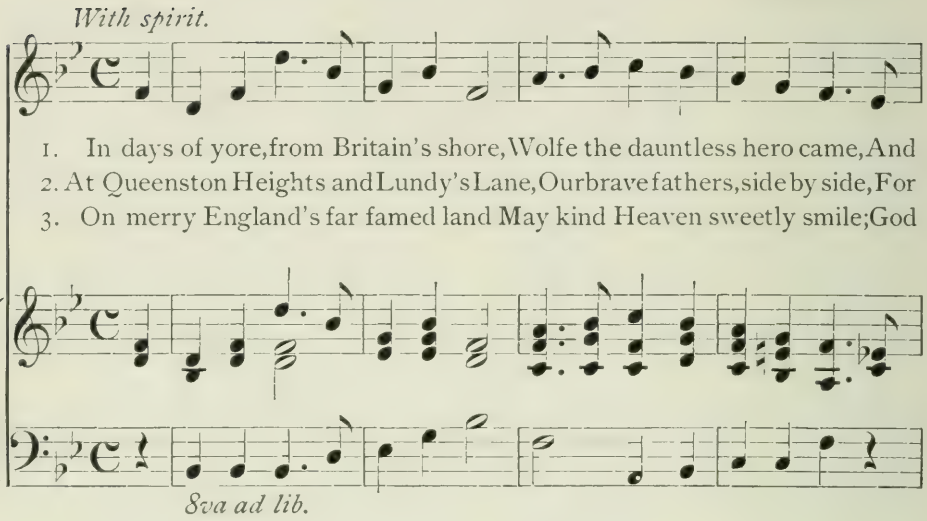
By permission of The Vincent Music Co., Limited

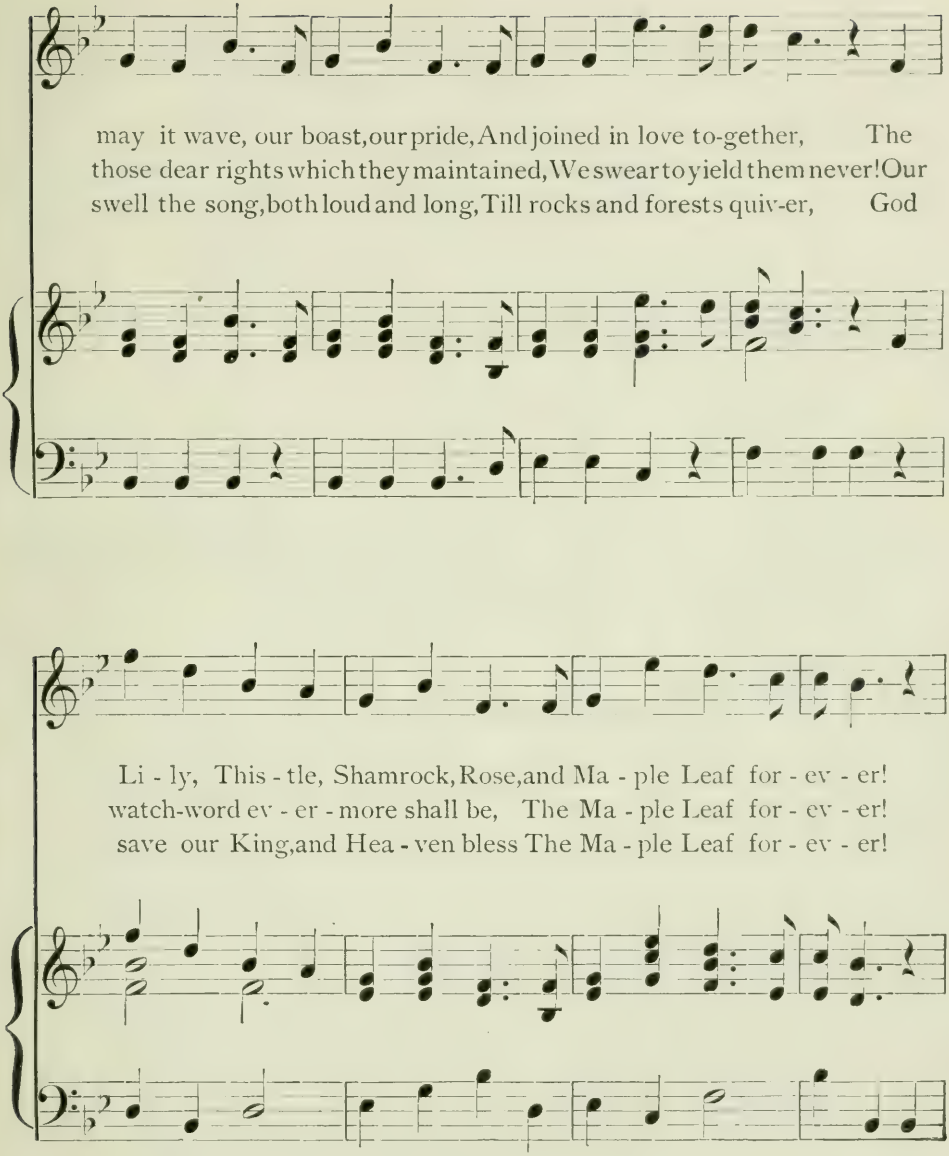
Welsh Air


p
cres.
p
1. Sil - ver stars their light be-stow-ing, All thro' the night,
2. Like a smile does each star glis - ter, All thro' the night,
cres.
p
They the path to heav'n are show-ing, All thro' the night;
To il - lume her earth - ly sis - ter, All thro' the night;
cres.
As they tread their path of du - ty, Show they to the world the beauty,
Old age has its night of sick-ness, But to beau-ti - fy our weakness,
dim.
p
Of the peace of heav'n so tru - ly, All thro' the night.
Shed your light a - broad in meek-ness, All thro' the night.

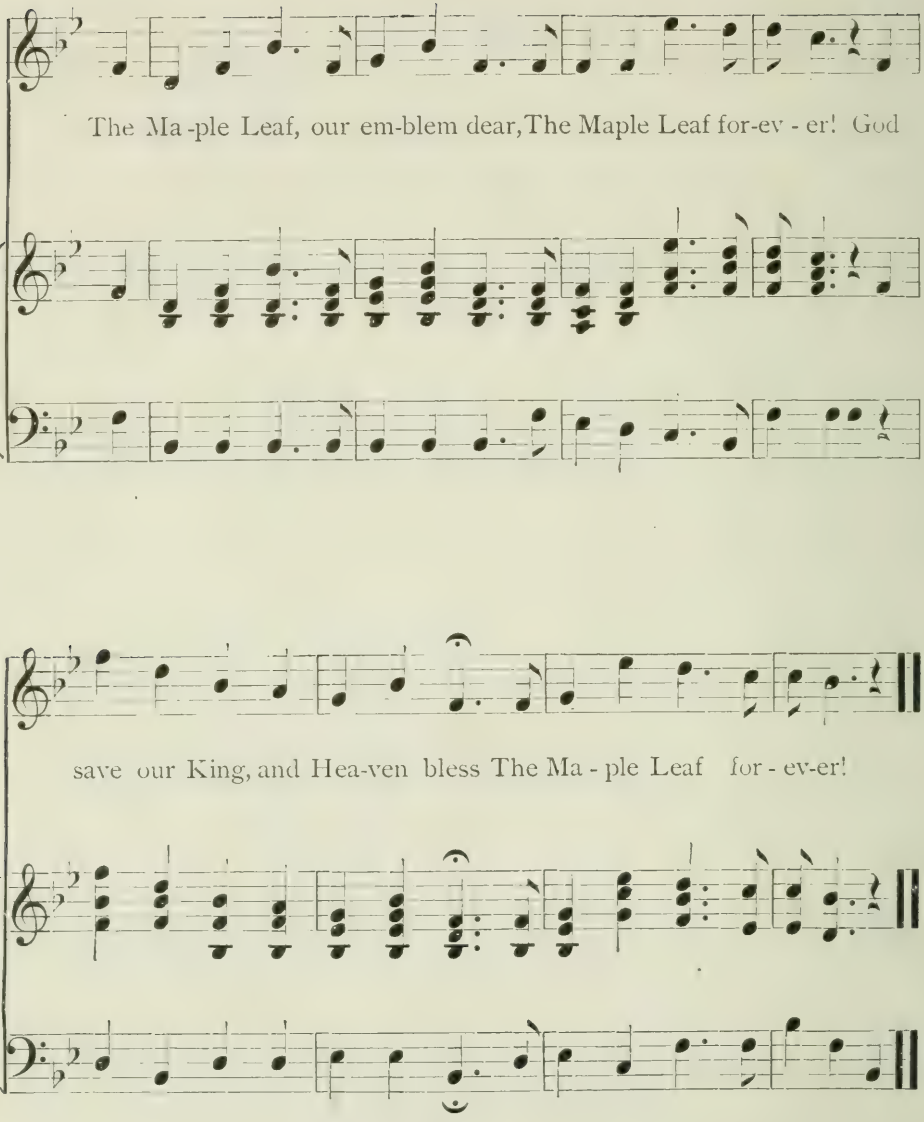
THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

ALEX. MUIL.


With spirit.
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came, And
2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side, For
3. On merry England's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile; God
8va ad lib.
planted firm Britannia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do - main. Here
freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and nobly died; And
bless old Scotland evermore, And Ireland's Em - er - ald Isle! Then


may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-gether, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them never! Our
swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and forests quiv-er, God
Li - ly, This - tle, Shamrock, Rose, and Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
watch-word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
save our King, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

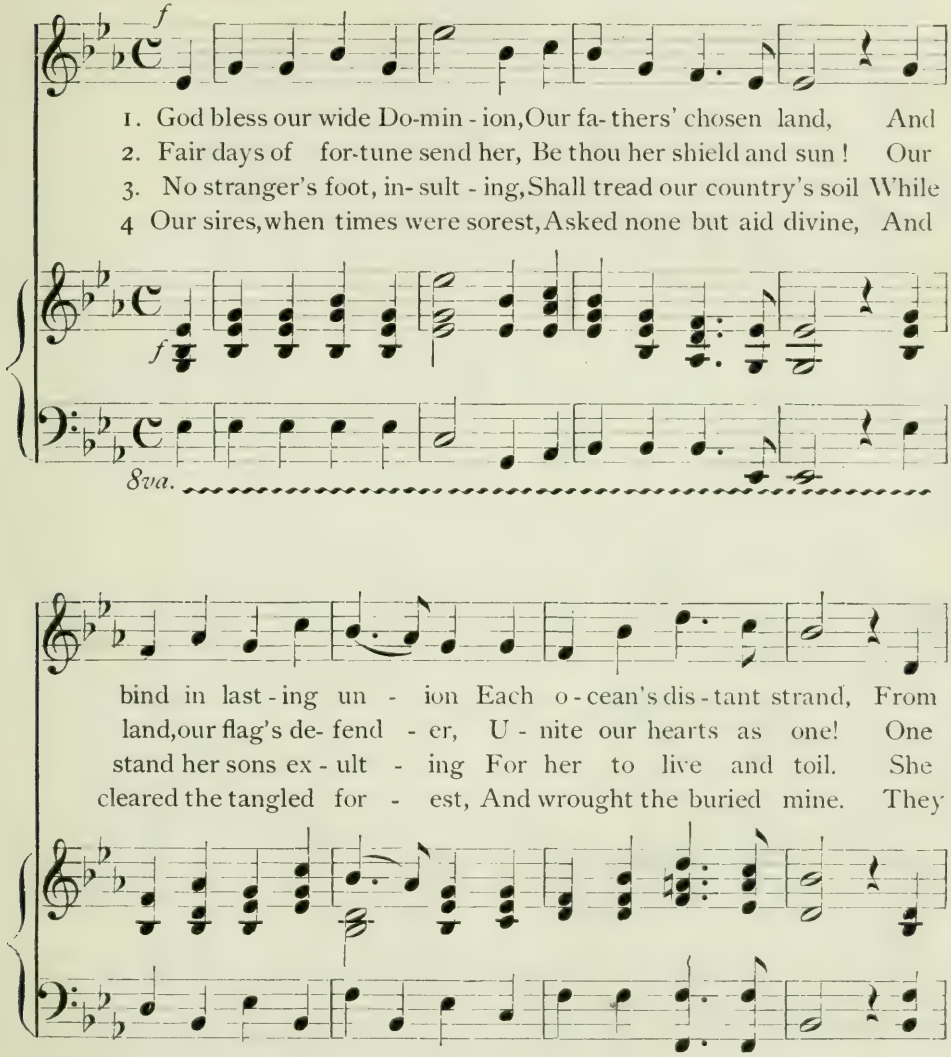
CHORUS

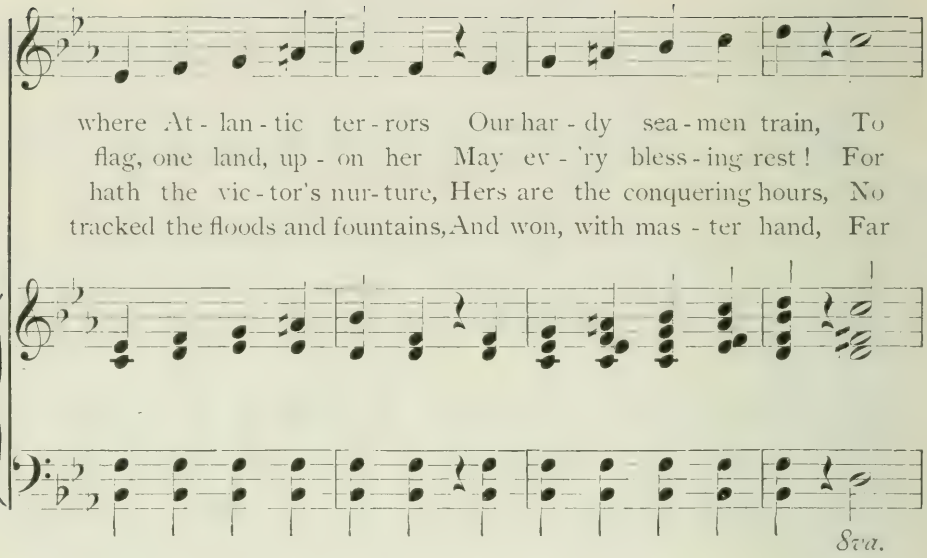

The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Maple Leaf for-ev - er! God
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev-er!

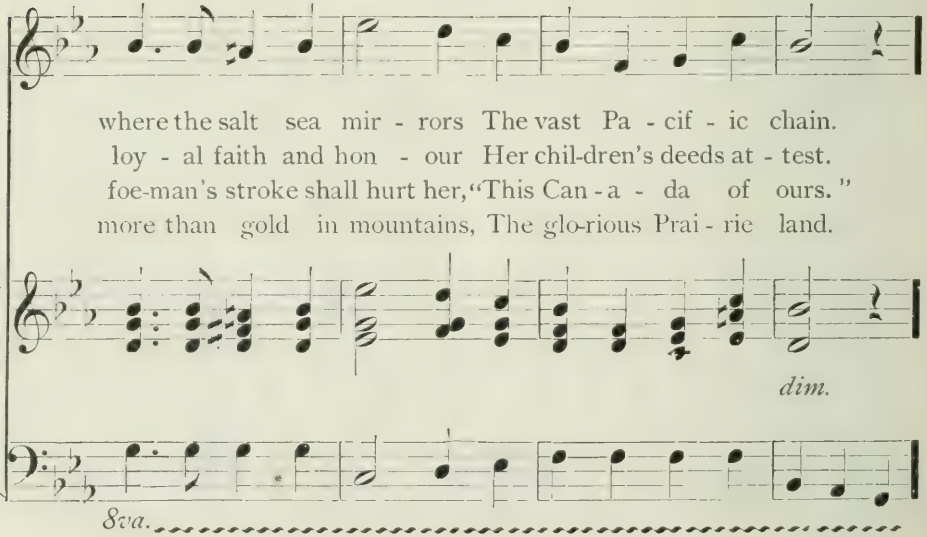
THE DOMINION HYMN

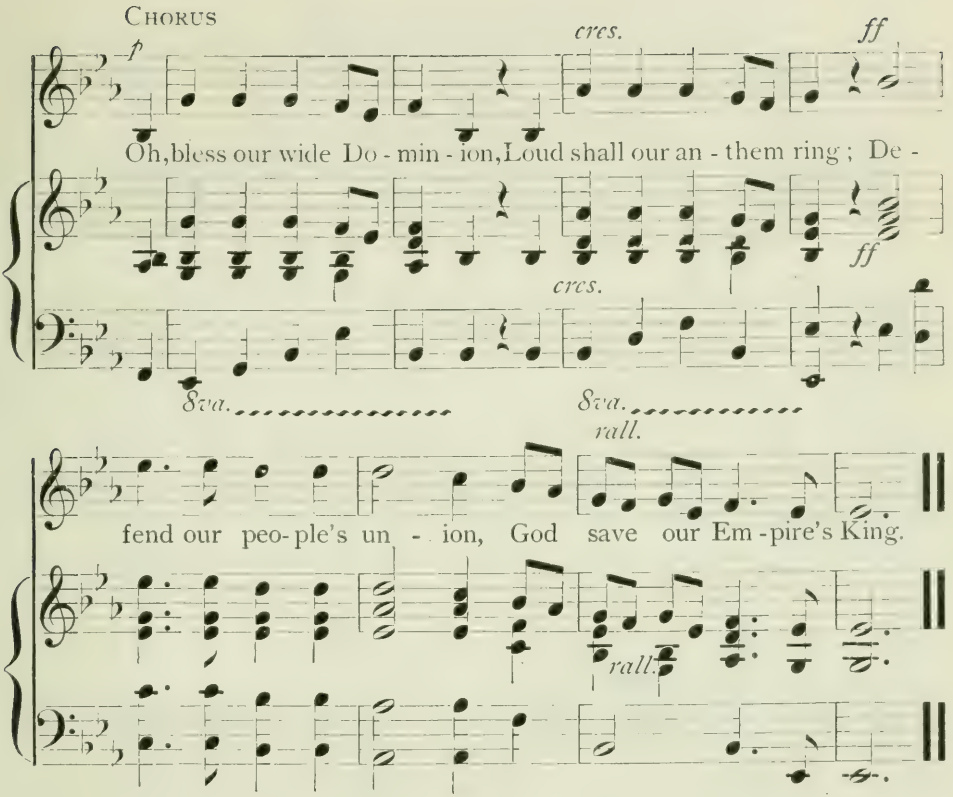
DUKE OF ARGYLE. Sir A. SULLIVAN.

Allegro marziale.


f
1. God bless our wide Do-min - ion, Our fa- thers' chosen land, And
2. Fair days of for-tune send her, Be thou her shield and sun ! Our
3. No stranger's foot, in- sult - ing, Shall tread our country's soil While
4 Our sires, when times were sorest, Asked none but aid divine, And
f
8va.
bind in last - ing un - ion Each o - cean's dis - tant strand, From
land, our flag's de- fend - er, U - nite our hearts as one! One
stand her sons ex - ult - ing For her to live and toil. She
cleared the tangled for - est, And wrought the buried mine. They


where At - lan - tic ter - rors Our har - dy sea - men train, To
flag, one land, up - on her May ev - 'ry bless - ing rest! For
hath the vic - tor's nur - ture, Hers are the conquering hours, No
tracked the floods and fountains, And won, with mas - ter hand, Far
8va.


where the salt sea mir - rors The vast Pa - cif - ic chain.
loy - al faith and hon - our Her chil-dren's deeds at - test.
foe-man's stroke shall hurt her, "This Can - a - da of ours."
more than gold in mountains, The glo-rious Prai - rie land.
dim.
8va.



5 O Giver of earth's treasure;
Make Thou our nation strong,
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong!
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let liberty and order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

6 May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way,
'Tis ours to keep their stations
And lead the van to-day.

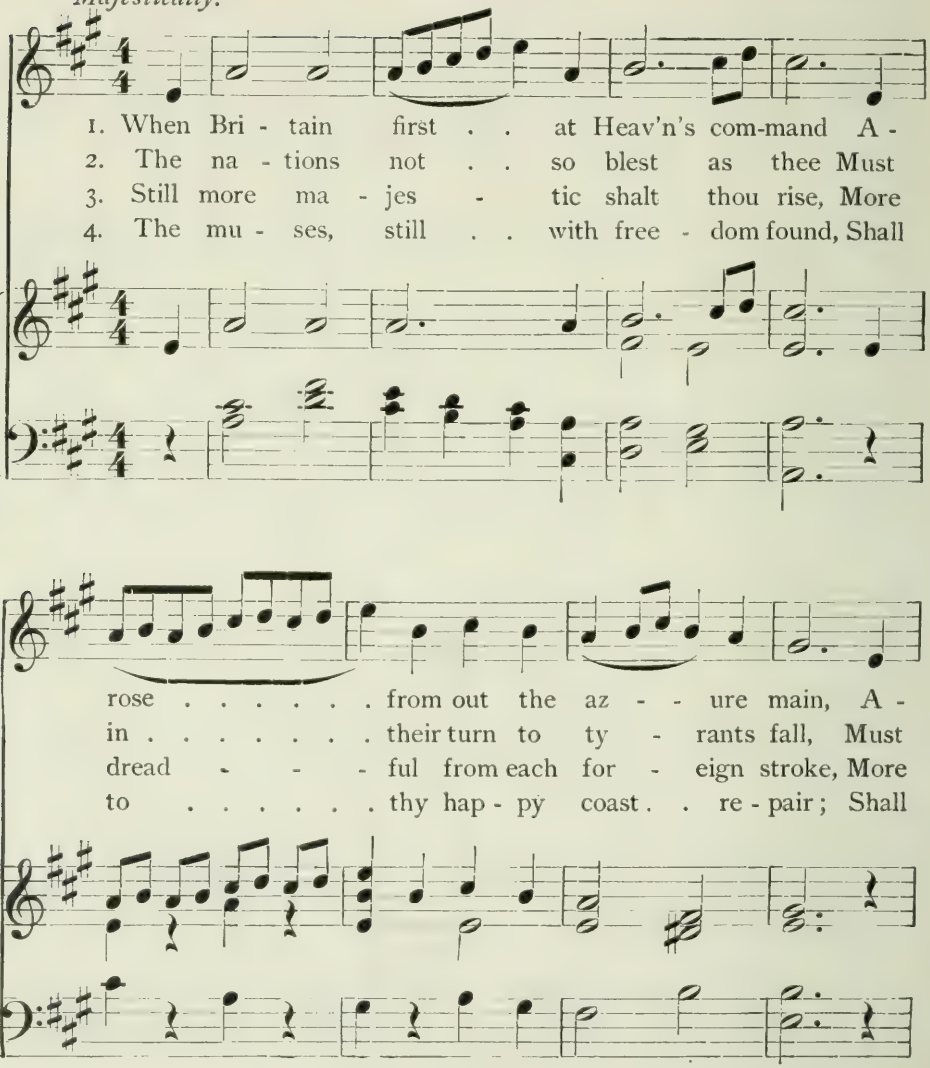
7 Inheritors of glory,
O countrymen! We swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
Shall onward victory bear;
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win, or fighting die!

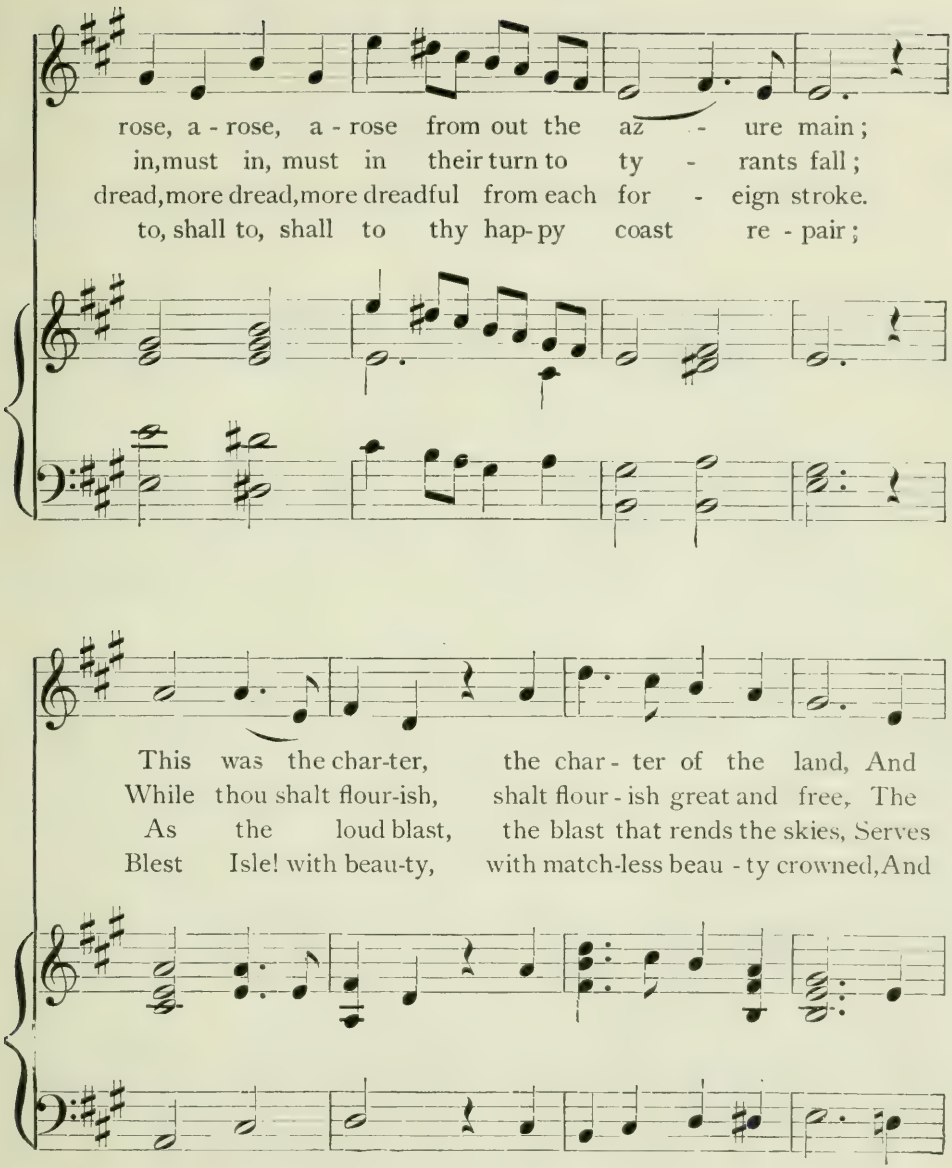
N.B. Verses number 1, 4 and 7 are recommended for general use.

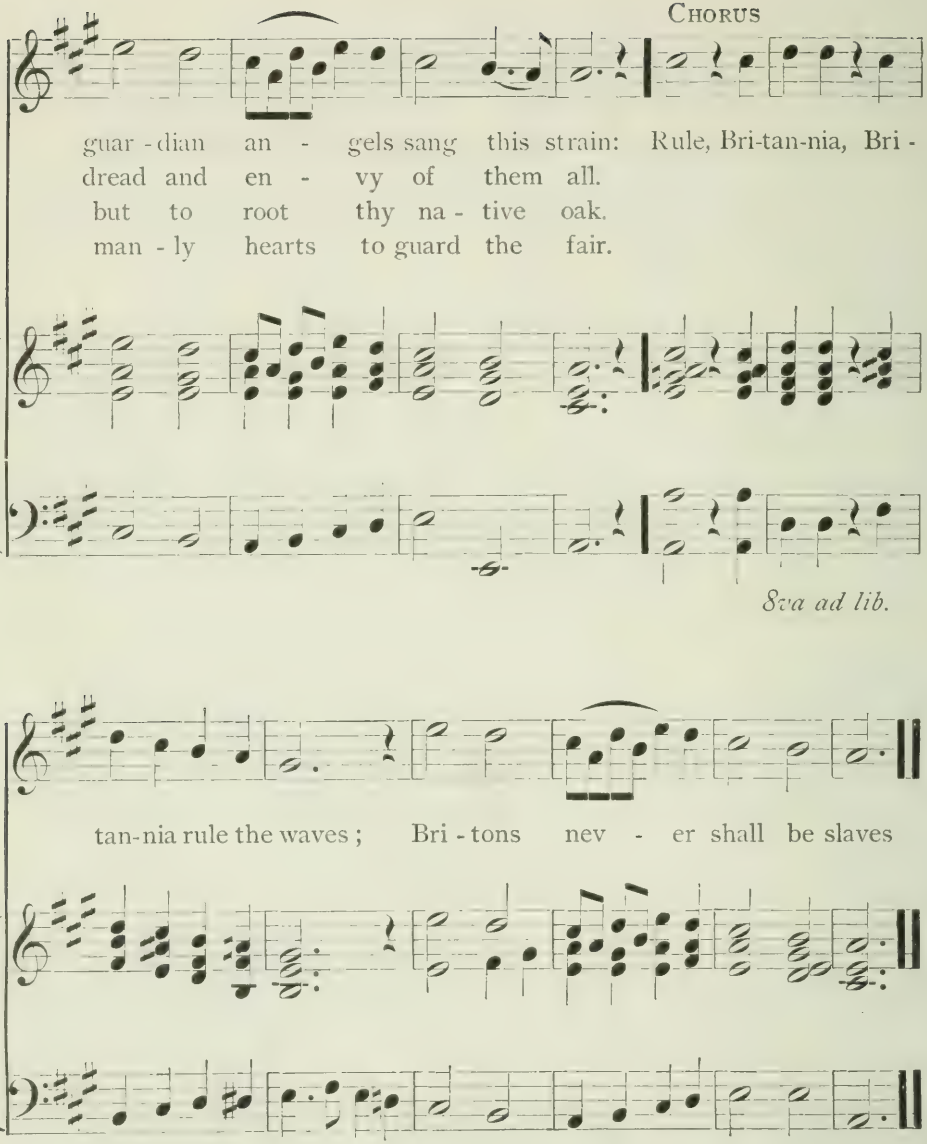
RULE, BRITANNIA!

THOMSON. Dr. ARNE.

Majestically.

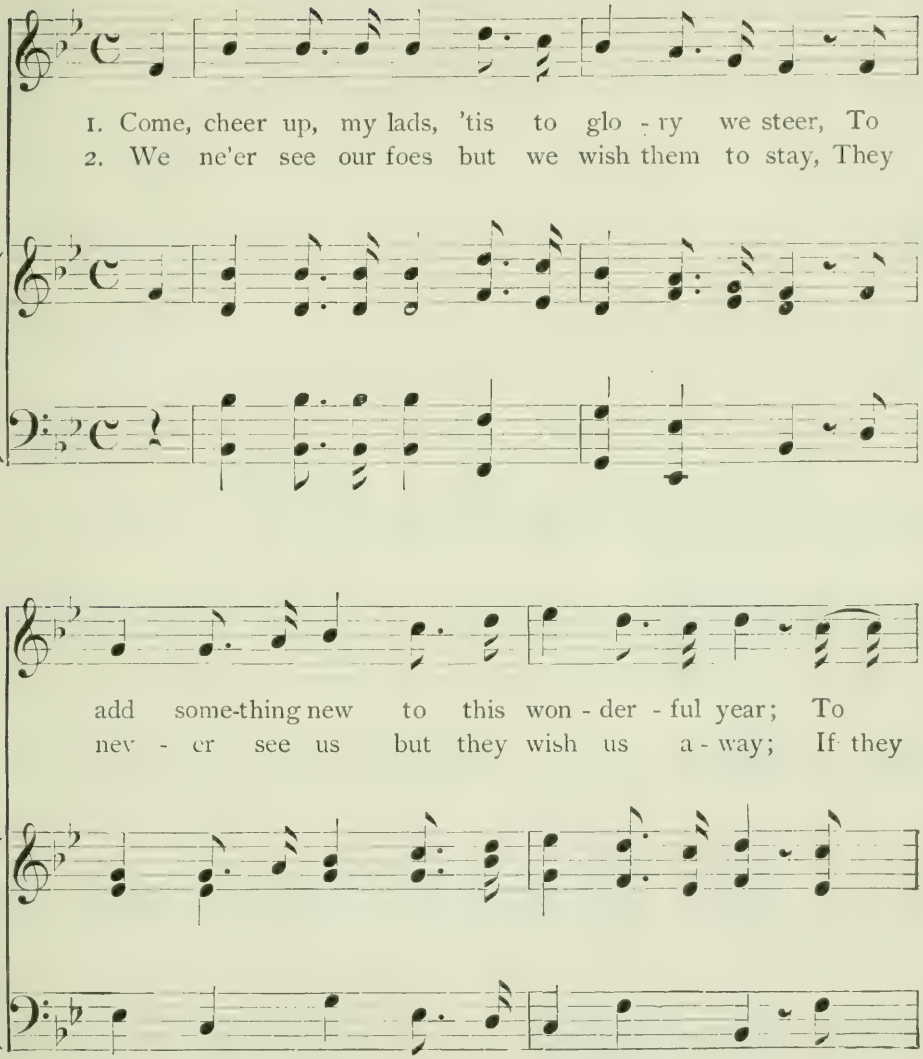

1. When Bri - tain first . . at Heav'n's com-mand A -
2. The na - tions not . . so blest as thee Must
3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More
4. The mu - ses, still . . with free - dom found, Shall
rose . . . . . from out the az - - ure main, A -
in . . . . . their turn to ty - rants fall, Must
dread - - - ful from each for - eign stroke, More
to . . . . . thy hap - py coast . . re - pair; Shall

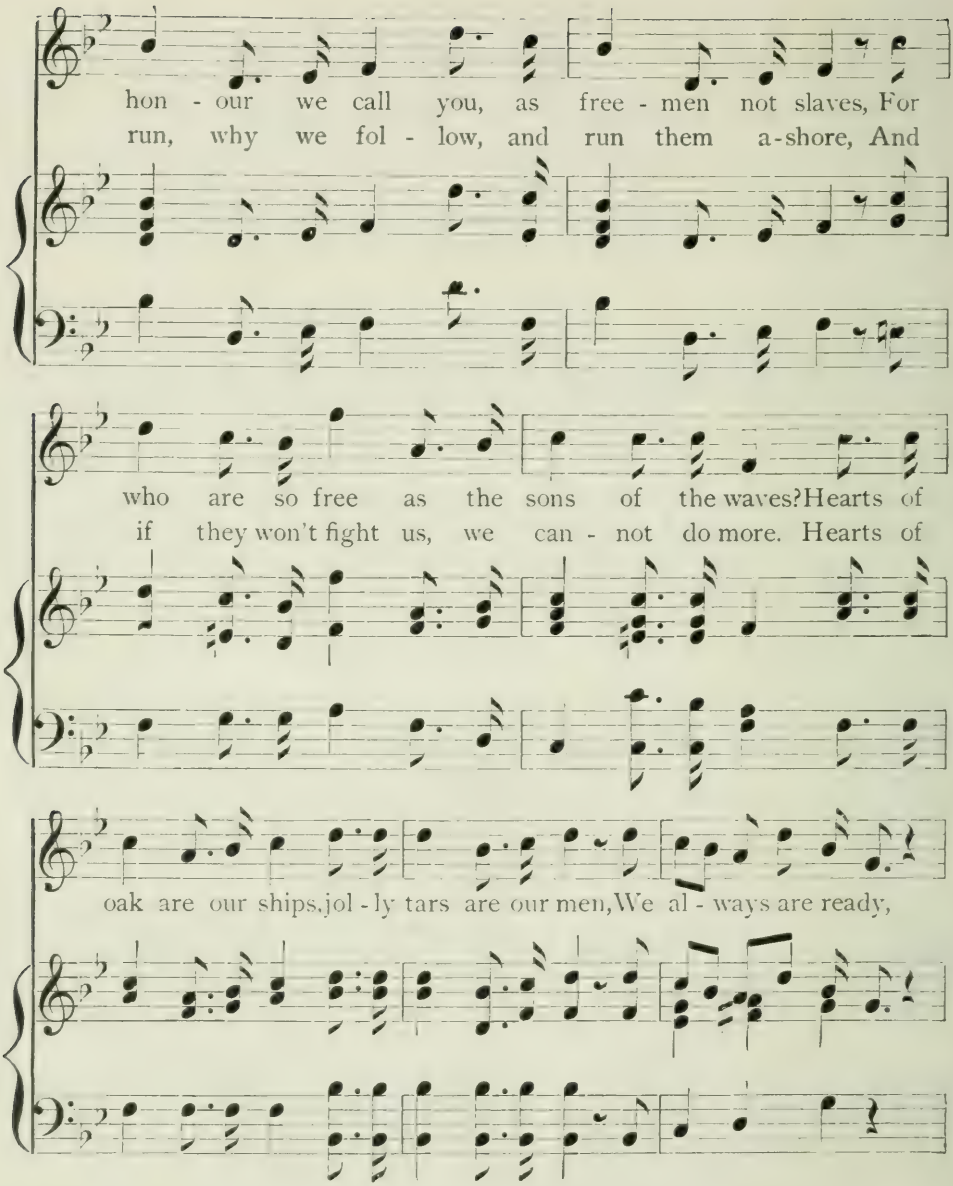

rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main;
in, must in, must in their turn to ty - rants fall;
dread, more dread, more dreadful from each for - eign stroke.
to, shall to, shall to thy hap-py coast re - pair;
This was the char-ter, the char - ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies, Serves
Blest Isle! with beau-ty, with match-less beau - ty crowned, And

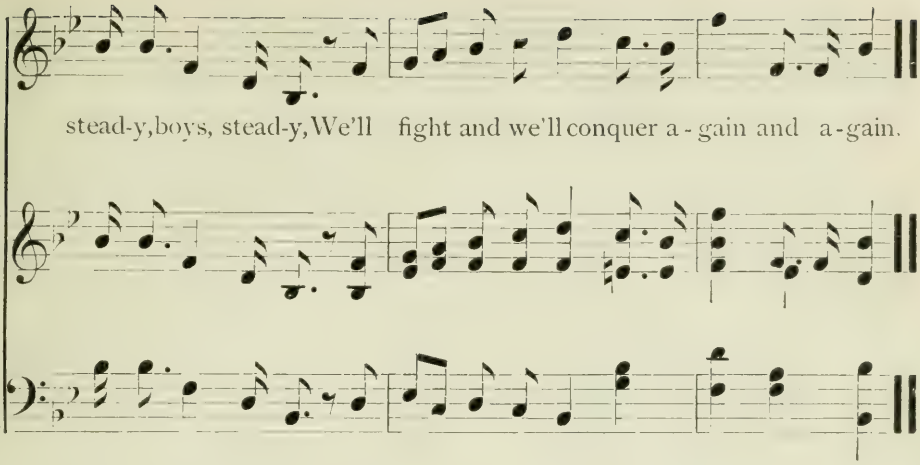

Chorus
guar - dian an - gels sang this strain: Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri -
dread and en - vy of them all.
but to root thy na - tive oak.
man - ly hearts to guard the fair.
Sva ad lib.
tan-nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves

HEARTS OF OAK

DAVID GARRICK. Dr. BOYCE, A. D., 1759.

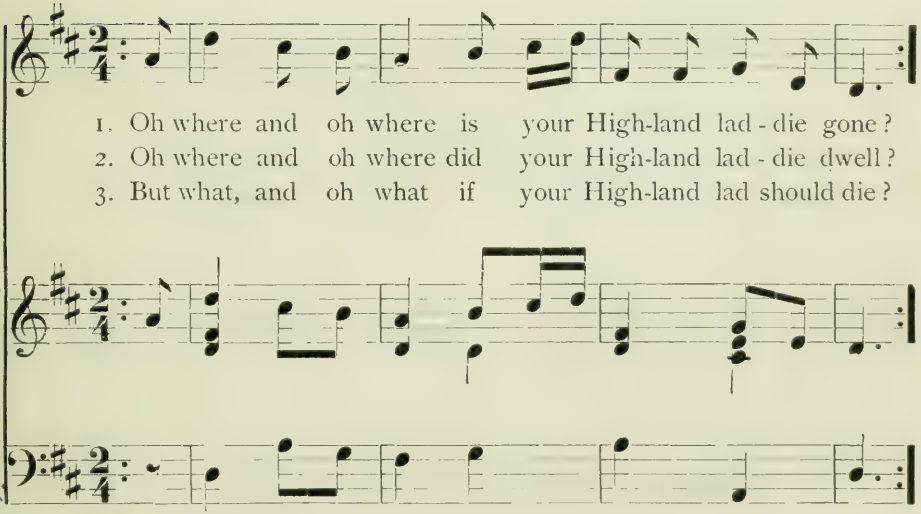

1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To add some-thing new to this won - der - ful year; To
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they

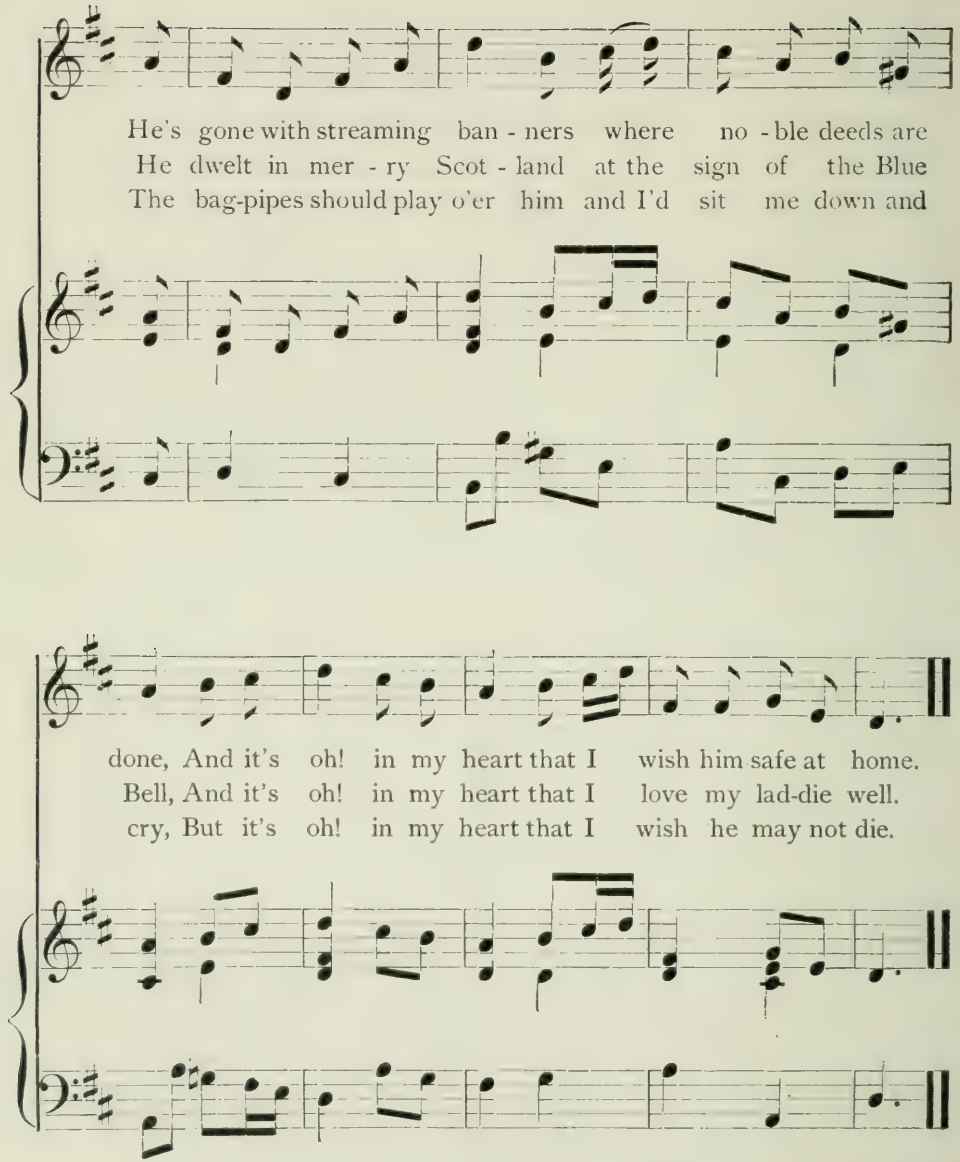

hon - our we call you, as free - men not slaves, For
run, why we fol - low, and run them a-shore, And
who are so free as the sons of the waves? Hearts of
if they won't fight us, we can - not do more. Hearts of
oak are our ships, jol - ly tars are our men, We al - ways are ready,



THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

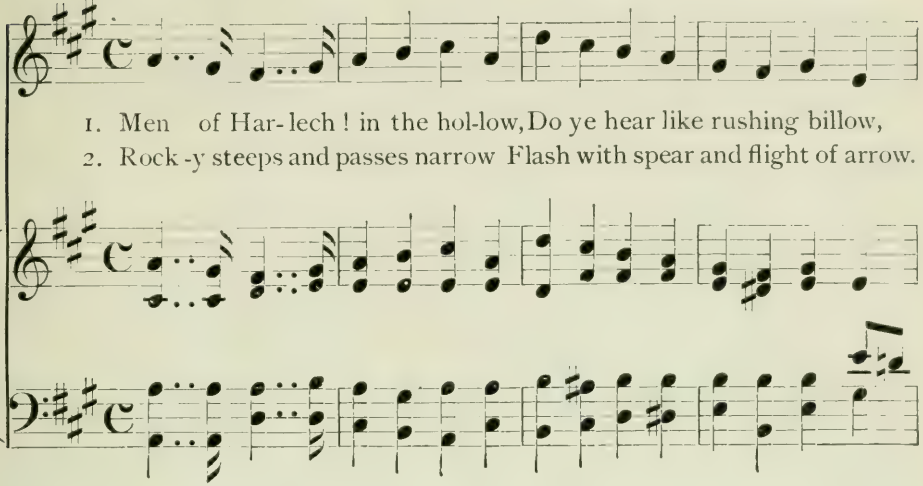
Scotch song.

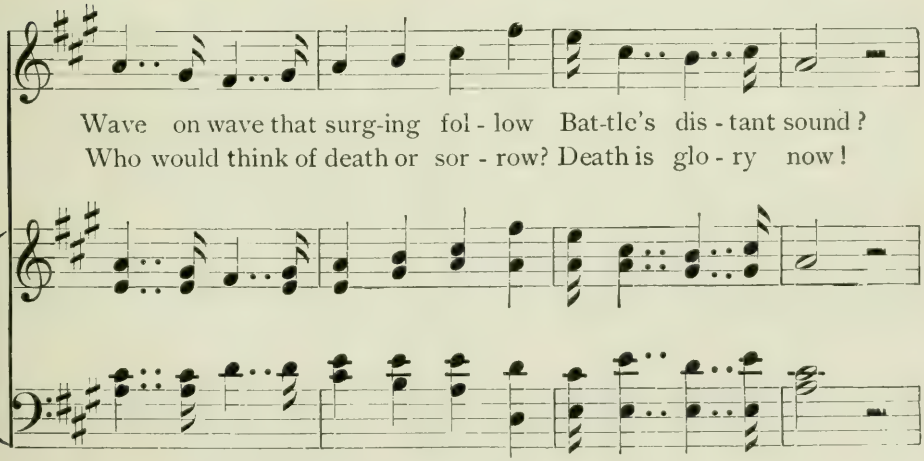
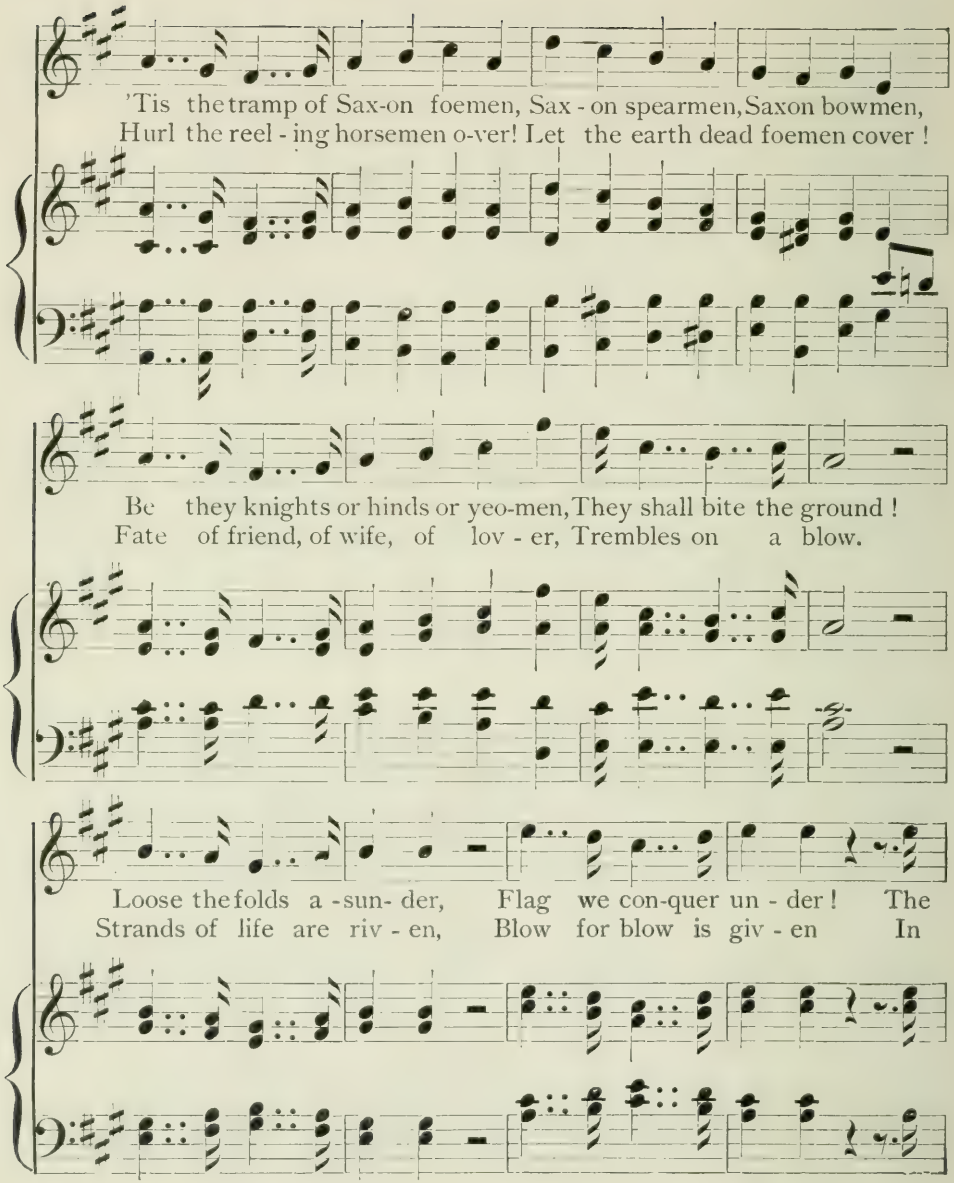

1. Oh where and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone?
2. Oh where and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell?
3. But what, and oh what if your High-land lad should die?


He's gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue
The bag-pipes should play o'er him and I'd sit me down and
done, And it's oh! in my heart that I wish him safe at home.
Bell, And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
cry, But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

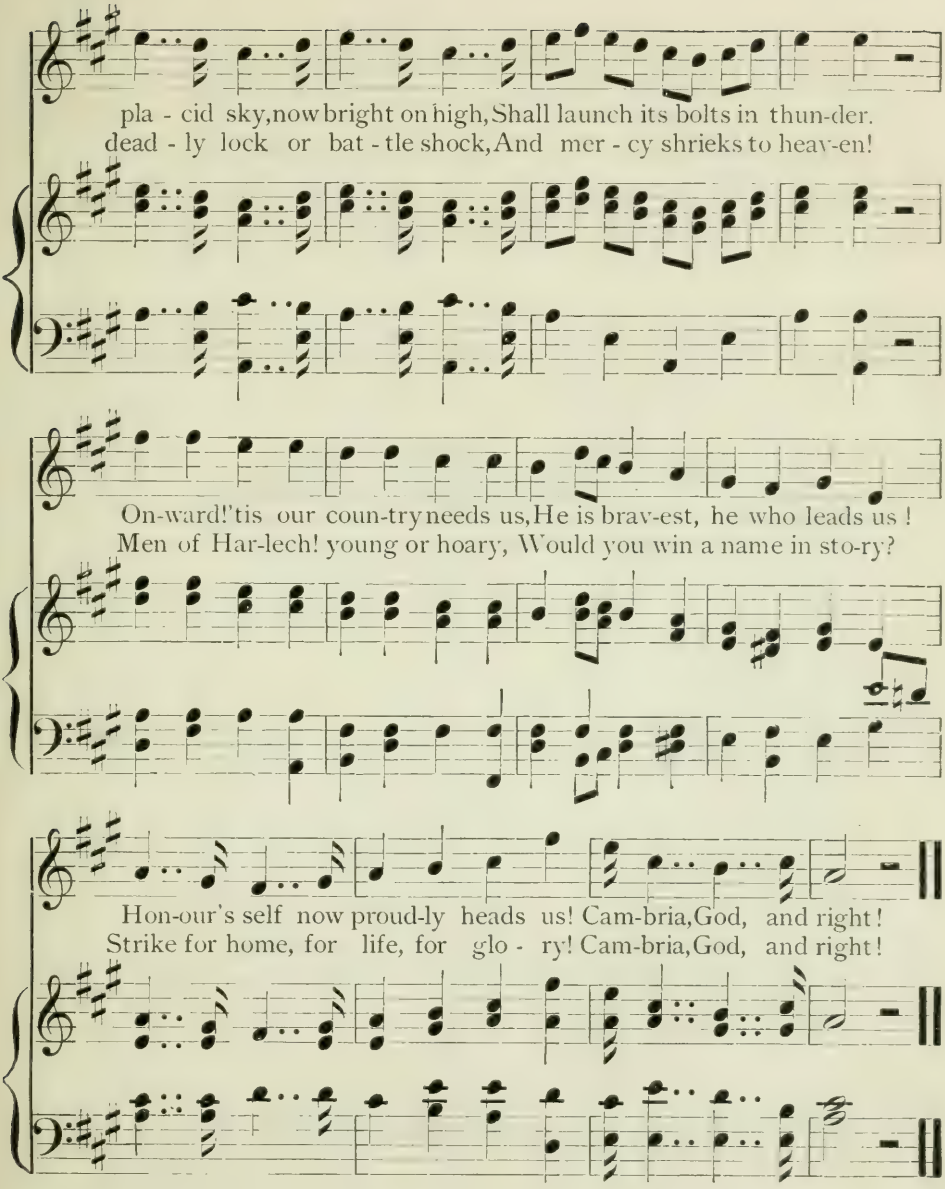
MEN OF HARLECH

Translation by Wm. Duthie. Welsh Air, A. D., 1468.

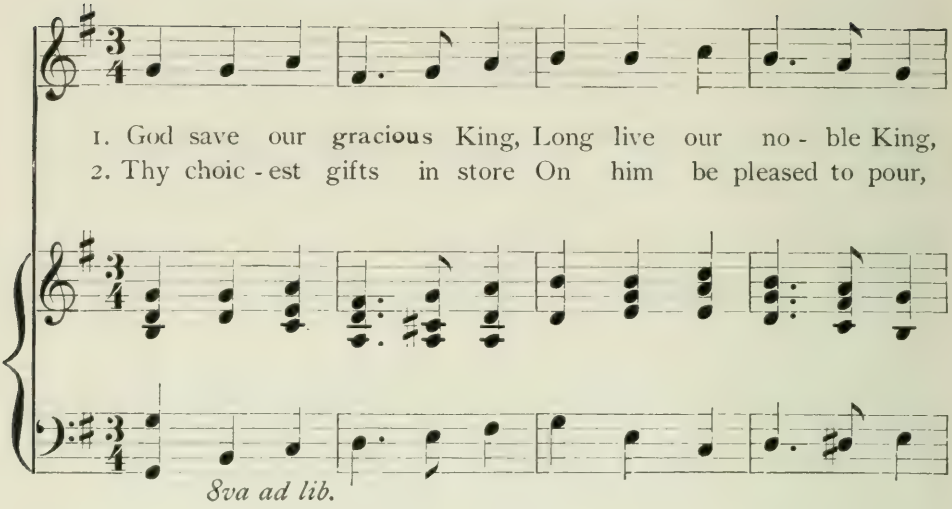

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear like rushing billow,
2. Rock-y steeps and passes narrow Flash with spear and flight of arrow.

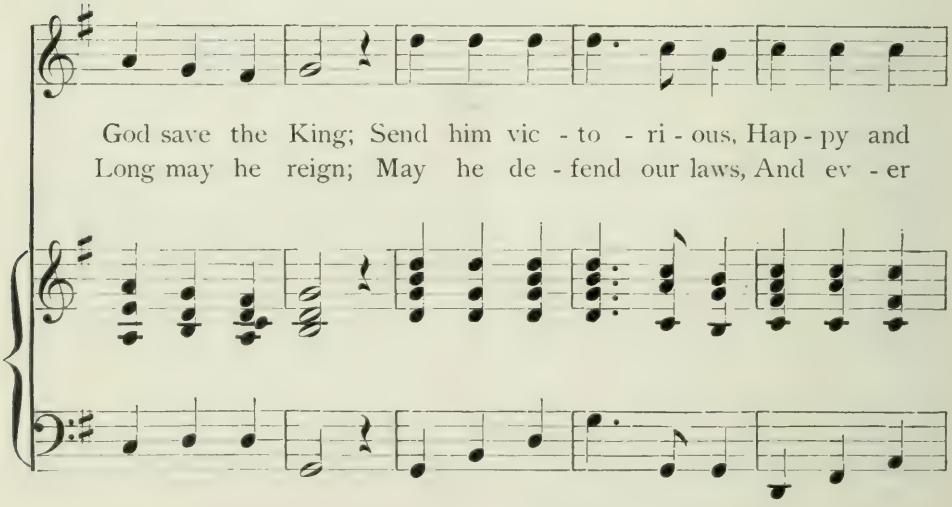
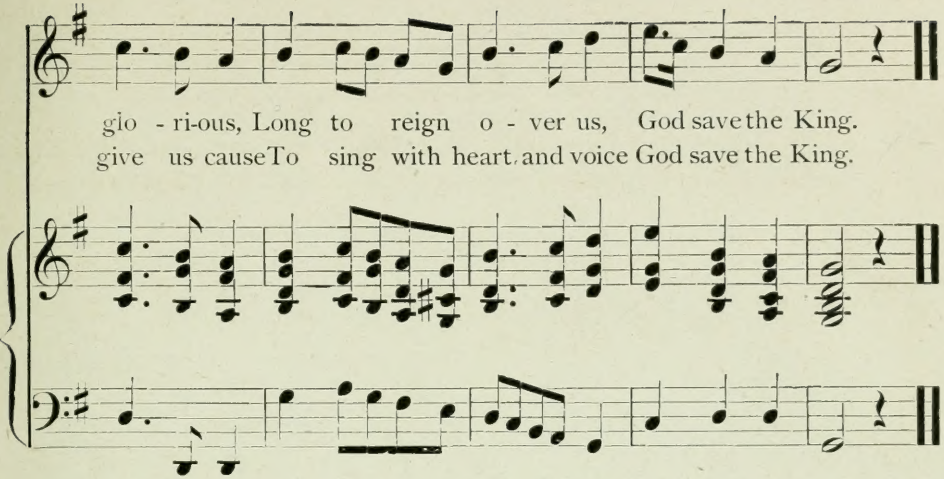


'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foemen, Sax - on spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Hurl the reel - ing horsemen o-ver! Let the earth dead foemen cover !
Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground !
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trembles on a blow.
Loose the folds a -sun- der, Flag we con-quer un - der ! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en In


pla - cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thun-der.
dead - ly lock or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en!
On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us, He is brav-est, he who leads us!
Men of Har-lech! young or hoary, Would you win a name in sto-ry?
Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Cam-bria, God, and right!

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM





3. Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness,
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and thee,
Forever more.

MACMILLAN'S
"5 to 15 CENTS" CATALOGUE

Contains over 500 titles of books ranging in price from 5c. up

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF THE MANY INTERESTING BOOKS LISTED IN THIS CATALOGUE:

The Progress to Literature Series — **6 Books**

Designed to introduce pupils to books which were actually written for them; by selections from the books themselves; supplemented by interesting accounts of the authors. Illustrated in black and white, and in colour.

The Progress to History Series — **6 Books**

The progress of Great Britain and the British Empire is followed in broad outline from the earliest times to the present day. Illustrated in black and white, and in colour.

Macmillan's Canadian Scholar's Dictionary — **20c.**

Contains 14,000 words, providing the pupil with a rich vocabulary. Well printed and bound in a limp cloth cover.

Common Weeds of Canada (Hamilton) — **25c.**

A handy illustrated guide to the Weeds of Canada.

Flag and Fleet (Wood) — **50c.**

A new Navy Reader, recommended by the Ontario Minister of Education.

Send for a Copy of this Catalogue --- Free

Sample books free to Principals interested

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED :: TORONTO

THE MACMILLANS IN CANADA
DIA
FOLIA
INTER